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PERSONAL

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MISCELLANEOUS

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A Country House Hotel, every comfort and a cheerful atmosphere. Dancing. Own Riding Stables. Hunting twice weekly with East Sussex. Good fishing. Rough shooting over 250-acre farm. Trains met Bexhill or Battle. Terms from 5 gns.

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On Atlantic Coast. Licensed. 28 Bedrooms. Home Farm. Unique Golfing Holiday. Excellent Sands and Bathing. Trout Fishing. Inclusive terms, 25/- per day. Daily Air and Sea Services. Brochure. Port Ellen 10. After August only.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

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FOR SALE

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Subject to Government Restrictions.

COMPANION-HELP or **NANNIE** required for 60 years old, Sandhurst, Surrey. Home of young child at home, elder boy at boarding school. Every modern convenience, generous outgoings, own road, etc. Salary 40/- to 50/- per week.—Write, LILLY, St. Anton, Sandhurst Close, Sandhurst, Surrey.

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OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS
ADVERTISING PAGE 8.

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVIII. No. 2529

JULY 6, 1945



Harlip

MISS ELIZABETH HAY

Miss Elizabeth Anne Hay, W.R.N.S., is the second daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Ivan Hay and of the Hon. Mrs. Hay, of Cottered, Buntingford, Hertfordshire; her engagement to Sub-Lieutenant Jeremy Christopher Gurney, R.N., younger son of the late Mr. Christopher Gurney and Mrs. Gurney, of Hatfield Hyde, Hertfordshire, has recently been announced

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE WORLD'S PRODUCERS

THE Charter of the United Nations, signed at San Francisco, sets up a World Economic and Social Council, and pledges all member nations to take joint and separate action in co-operation with the organisation in order to promote higher standards of living, full employment and conditions of economic and social progress and development. It will have the duty, among many others, of supervising the work of the permanent Food and Agriculture Organisation which is, for the moment, the final result of the Hot Springs Conference. That Conference was welcomed by agriculturists, here and overseas, as the first serious attempt of the food-producing and consuming nations to examine and grapple with their problems in concert. The requisite number of countries have announced their willingness to take part in the F.A.O. which is therefore now ready to start its work under the benevolent control of the Economic and Social Council.

What amounts to a forecast of this system's prospects of success was drawn for the Farmers' Club recently by Mr. James Turner, the President of the National Farmers' Union, who headed our war-time delegation to the Dominions and the United States and secured general adherence to the proposal that a World Conference of Producers should be held in London in October. The object of the Conference is to bring into being a world producers' organisation, the functions of which would be the "practical man's parallel" to the activities of the F.A.O., which is, of course, organised on a purely inter-governmental basis. Mr. Turner's sketch of the history of his mission augurs well for the success of both projects. It was, as he pointed out, the British Empire Producers' Conference at Sydney in 1938 which first examined troubles facing primary producers in common and laid the foundations for the international action which is being taken to-day by solving, in part at least, the problems of the Empire. Had the war not intervened to prevent the full implementing of its resolutions, world production to-day might have been in a very different position. The same spirit of helpful co-operation, however, was found by Mr. Turner's delegation wherever they went. The goodwill towards Britain was overwhelming. They were received as "cocky" farmers in New Zealand, "dinkum" farmers in Australia, and "dirt" farmers in Canada—terms which imply that they were recognised as practical men and no mere theorists. Everywhere they found a common desire that production and distribution should be harnessed to the requirements of the consumer.

The most promising feature of all seems to have been the interest taken in the future of our own home agriculture and the fact that nowhere

was the British farmer denied the first place in the British market—and this despite the fact that, with the exception of wool producers, overseas farmers everywhere were found already focusing their attention almost entirely on the consumers of this country. There was natural concern over the prospect that Britain was likely to maintain its war-time level of production. But Mr. Turner vouches for the fact that as soon as producers were given an accurate account of the economic and financial situation which will face Great Britain in the early post-war period, the restoration of her financial and economic balance was agreed to be in the first interests of all. This sensible view of the situation provokes Mr. Turner's concern that there should still prevail in certain quarters in this country the opinion that Britain ought to take no interest in the producers of food outside her own shores; that the fate of those who have in the past provided us with cheap food is no concern of ours. If it is right to have stability of markets in British agriculture, says Mr. Turner, surely it is equally vital that our potential customers have stability in theirs. Are we not relying upon them to provide a market for what we produce as an industrial nation?

SILVER BIRCH

*APRIL, she curtsies to the flying showers
In primaveral grace
Of nets and tassels, pennants, ribbons, gauzes,
Long tresses o'er her face.*

*July, through drench of sunlight, gloom of thunder,
In robe deep-water green,
Quiet she muses; only her birds break silence,
Through leaves half-heard, half-seen.*

*With flame-bright veils, she dares October music,
The wind's will her desire;
Sylvan Salome, swaying, tossing, glowing:
A ritual-dance of fire.*

*Absolved of riot and colour, she meets December,
With mien conventual, fine—
A pale infant in a proud black lace mantilla,
Austere and aquiline.*

TERESA HOOLEY.

A CIVIC SOCIETY IN BEING

THE *Prospect Before Us* series of articles has been examining how, or how far, the existing machinery of planning can be worked to achieve the ideals that we all have for the future of our neighbourhood and of the country in general. In his stimulating article in this issue Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis stresses among other things the importance of Civic Societies in "working up a head of steam" and bringing it to bear on the wheels of the municipal machine. The first Annual Report of the Sevenoaks Civic Society illustrates admirably how this process can function. The Society was founded in February, 1944, with Mr. W. H. Ansell, then President of the R.I.B.A., as its President, and the awakening of a livelier interest and pride in Sevenoaks and its district as one of its aims. Now he says the amount of space given to the affairs of the Civic Society in the local Press is the clearest evidence that this has been done, while the useful membership (just under 1,000 out of a population of about 13,500) including members of all the statutory local authorities promises fulfilment of the purpose of liaison. Most members are allotted to some committee—Town and Country Planning, Housing, Industry, Education, and Amenities—with their component groups for detailed studies, and the aim that every individual is able to specialise in at least one constructive enterprise. The Report contains the recommendations and views of these committees, on such subjects as schools, houses, recreation, and the war memorial, and the results will be addressed to the Councils and authorities concerned. It is remarked that this endeavour of a community to analyse and crystallise its needs, and then pass them on to the administrative authorities, is in a sense revolutionary. Rather it is evolutionary: the evolution of that enlightened local democracy, which, as our *Prospect* articles combine to show, is essential, and assumed at the higher levels, to make town and country planning machinery work effectively.

MORDEN COLLEGE

ON the tenth of this month will be celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Morden College at Blackheath, S.E., and the Lord Mayor and Common Council are to attend the festival. The story of Sir John Morden is well known; how he had fallen from his high estate as a Levantine merchant and had had to take humble service with a tradesman, when his three long-lost ships laden with rich merchandise at last came home in proverbial style; how he thereupon founded this College by way of thank-offering as a retreat for others who had fallen on hard times. Whether or not the story is precisely authenticated, it is exceedingly romantic and the charming building, probably designed by Wren, is worthy of it and might almost persuade anybody to be a "decayed Turkey merchant." Though on the edge of the heath and all the busy traffic of its roads, it is curtained from it by trees and its garden is as peaceful and rural a spot as anyone could desire. It stands in the very heart of one of the most severely bombed areas in London; but though it has not been wholly unscathed it has mercifully received no real structural damage.

MUSEUM DISPLAY

THE display of "Masterpieces of British Craftsmanship" with which the Victoria and Albert Museum signalises a partial re-opening promises far-reaching changes in the methods and aims of exhibiting the collections when they all return and, the deciding factor as yet, structural alterations become possible. With slender means and on a small scale, Mr. Leigh Ashton, the new Director, has at least been able to demonstrate the advantages of departing from precedent: from classifying the collections by material and assembling similar objects by the dozen and score in day-lit vitrines. The Central Hall is surrounded by "windows" each framing a thoughtfully arranged group of outstanding objects illustrating the arts of a period and lit by fluorescent non-heating tubes. The Elizabethan Age, for example, is illustrated by a lovely little group of Nicolas Hilliard miniatures, a few superb pieces of silver, an exquisite piece of embroidery, and so forth. Not only is a microcosm of the age thus vividly presented, but the lighting and the juxtaposition enhance the significance of the things themselves. The contrast with the conventionally arranged hall beyond is striking, where the separate show-cases, the diffused day-light, the glazed tapestries, combine only to produce the familiar inhibiting distraction which descends on most people entering a museum. It is clear that, following the discussions on museum technique that have been going on during the enforced dispersal of the collections, the Ministry of Works and the Director have decided to adopt assembly by period in place of separation into categories as the basis of display, relegating the balance to students' reference sections. The modern technique will undoubtedly appeal to the public and do greater justice to the Museum's unsurpassed possessions.

A RACE TO LOOK FORWARD TO

IN the years before the war the public interest in athletics had wonderfully increased and the August Bank Holiday meeting at the White City used to produce noted athletes from other countries and vast crowds to see them. This year's crowd, if all is well, will have at least one particularly dainty dish set before it, since the great Swedish runner Gundar Haegg has said that he will come. Haegg and his rival Andersen have been breaking records steadily throughout the war time and have brought the once incredible four-minute mile into the realm not only of possibility but even of probability. If Haegg materialises as everyone trusts he will, there is a prospect of another "mile of the century." We have at any rate two foemen worthy of him in Wooderson and Wilson, who have both shown themselves lately in good form. Six years make up a big slice of an athlete's life and that Wooderson should still be at his very best is a good deal to hope for, but we shall hope for it, and for a race worthy of the occasion.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

THE writers of the poultry columns in our various journals are constantly reminding us that the egg-eating hen is a most serious menace, which in view of the extreme shortage of this commodity strikes one as being a masterpiece of the obvious; it is the sort of thing which might occur to the veriest amateur. To fill up the column (it must be more difficult to do this as a poultryman, with only one subject about which to write, than it is for a countryman with several) a number of extremely intricate and time-expending remedies are suggested, but always the last paragraph lays down that the death penalty is the only certain remedy.

For the last month I have noticed a most serious falling off in the number of eggs supplied by my hens, and the yolk-smeared condition of those I was allowed to collect constituted proof that there was dirty work going on in the nest boxes. I tried some of the recognised remedies, including the blown egg-shell filled with vinegar, mustard and cayenne pepper, which is recommended by some experts, but which most hens seem to enjoy as a table relish, and the egg deficiency continued. Then one morning, hearing a male voice holding forth in the hen-house, I opened the door suddenly to discover the cock and two hens having a hearty meal off eggs, with the empty shells scattered round them.

* * *

I HAD no means of proving if the cock was the originator of the egg-eating scheme and had helped himself liberally, or whether he was just being the perfect gentleman, which some cocks are, and, finding that some of his favourite hens liked "elevenes" of eggs, was acting as waiter, breaking up the shells for them and apportioning the rations, but refraining from eating them himself. Whatever the degree of his culpability there could be no possible mitigation of the sentence of instant discharge from the service and of the extreme penalty to be carried out afterwards. But he cannot be allowed to pass away unhonoured and unsung, for in one respect he was remarkable; he was probably the first cock since the Minister of Food fixed control prices for poultry in Great Britain to be sold, not as a pedigree stock bird at 30s. or so, but as an ordinary table bird at the official rate of 1s. 11d. per lb.

* * *

I HAVE recently received the journal of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, an organisation which, it would seem, every countryman should support as a form of essential insurance against loss of rights of way, and encroachment on open spaces in his vicinity. I am afraid the general attitude—and here possibly I speak for myself—is to ignore its existence until one's own particular amenities are threatened, and then to enlist the help of the Society when the situation is almost beyond repair. The Society in the past has rendered wonderful service, and at the present time, with so many of our important footpaths lost to view under war-time constructions, and so many commons occupied by camps and temporary factories, its future work is such that it requires all the support the country-loving public can give it; and in this connection I may mention that the address of the Society is 71, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.



W. S. McLaren

IN THE PASS OF BRANDER, ARGYLL

FROM one of the articles in the journal it would appear that a more or less recognised method of closing a footpath, which the farmer resents, is to graze a bull in the field that the track crosses. Bulls, like human beings, vary in temperament—there are those who will spend the whole day chewing the cud and regarding the universe with a sleepy eye, and others who can do the 100 yards in even time if an unwilling pacemaker is available. The trouble is that it is not easy to determine the character of a bull from a stance on top of a stile at the far end of the field in which his lordship is browsing. To guard against this system of footpath closing 41 counties in England and Wales have by-laws by which a farmer who puts a bull in a footpath field can be prosecuted. I suppose it is some sort of consolation to a daring wayfarer to know, if he is tossed over the hedge into a chalk pit, that the farmer may have to pay the funeral or hospital expenses, or at any rate will be mulcted in forty shillings and costs in the local court. All this reminds me of the man who kept a very savage Alsatian that resented the entrance of visitors to the house. "Don't be frightened of the dog," the Alsatian's owner would say cheerfully as the dog rushed up with bared teeth. "If he bites you I'll give him a damned good hiding."

* * *

DORSET is the county in which I fish, and there is no by-law there against the bull in the footpath field if he is at large with his cows, the argument being that when accompanied by his wives he is in a placid frame of mind. Apparently therefore I must have intruded into these matrimonial circles on several days when the head of the herd had had words with one of his wives at breakfast, and as the result was not in a placid frame of mind. Hampshire, the shire in which I live, I regret to say is entirely pro-bull, pro-farmer and anti-right-of-way, and is not included among the thoughtful 41 counties.

* * *

NOT the least of many interests of Spring, particularly one which produces some precocious hot sunny days in March as did that of 1945, is the appearance of the various garden butterflies which have hibernated in warm corners during the Winter. Normally there is some order of precedence over this coming forth *ex hibernis* with the brimstones first and the more decorative and highly-coloured ones following much later, but this year they all seemed to come out and enjoy the warmth at much the same time, and I noticed both peacocks and red admirals before the advent of that recognised harbinger of Spring, the orange tip;

but this, I may say, is the casual observation of a slightly interested tyro, and not the record of an entomological expert. A feature of these hardy survivors of the previous year is the varying condition of the insects, for one will notice in one spot a tired old red admiral so shabby, frayed and faded that it is not easy at first to recognise his species, while the next will be the perfect insect, with every colour as bright and shining as if he had just emerged from his chrysalis. I suppose it depends on the security and warmth of the hibernation corner, and to a certain extent on the sort of life the butterfly led before he retired in the late Autumn. I have seen far more "drunks and incapables" of recent years among red admirals on rotting plums and figs than I have among human beings around our public-houses.

* * *

AMONG the peacocks, red admirals and small tortoiseshells I was interested to see several large and perfect specimens of the painted lady, and it is my experience that this insect varies considerably in size. The painted lady is never particularly common in this part of the world so far as the indigenous insect goes, but occasionally, in those years when there is a marked migration of the insect from Europe towards the end of Summer, they are plentiful enough. It is an extraordinary thing that the painted lady, which must be a first cousin to the red admiral, as the pattern on the wings is much the same if not the colouring, should be a migrant all over Europe and North Africa, while the red admiral on the other hand is content to lead a stay-at-home life. At certain seasons of the year along the North African coast the painted ladies come fluttering along on the wind from the high desert, and the great majority one presumes end in the Mediterranean. It is a complete mystery to me where these insects breed in such incredible numbers, as I have seen them coming in endless clouds from a direction in which I knew there was no form of green life for over 1,000 miles.

* * *

THERE can be little hope of an improvement in the paper situation, welcome as that would be to persons like myself who are writers of books, so long as the war-time officials of our many controls continue to function. I have recently employed as a potato-hoer for three weeks a member of the Women's Land Army, who was well worth her wage, but as a professional writer with books temporarily out of print I deplored the expenditure of 12 sheets of good quarto paper, which the little transaction with officialdom required.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE 700th ANNIVERSARY — By J. G. NIPPEN

"Behind is custom, in front adventure."—

W. R. LETHABY

CONTEMPORARY writers have recorded that "on the sixth day of July, 1245, the new church at Westminster was begun" and "the ancient walls of the eastern part (of the old one) together with the tower, were demolished."

The earlier church was built between 1050 and 1065, by Edward the Confessor, and had fallen into disrepair. During the period 1220-45, the monks added a Lady chapel, but, apparently through lack of funds, failed to keep the main fabric in good order, and a document of the time states that it "was consumed by excessive age." The monks had started renovation, but "in a far too sumptuous way, nor were able to finish it properly." However, King Henry III took the matter in hand, and built the church which has happily survived down to this day.

The church sheltered the relics of St. Edward, King Henry's most revered saint, and, in 1241, Henry had put in hand a new shrine worthy to contain them. It was to be of pure gold with jewelled images set in golden tabernacles round about it. The King may well have desired a nobler setting than was provided by the old church for so costly a reliquary which, according to a mediæval description, "was placed high like a candle upon a candlestick, so that all who enter into the House of the Lord may behold its light."

The work went forward rapidly, and, early in 1246, a house in Westminster was bought for the use of Master Henry, the King's mason in

charge. About the same time a special exchequer was established to administer the funds set aside for the purpose. The parts first to be rebuilt were the presbytery and transepts, which were mainly complete by 1254. The chapter house was probably finished in 1253, when canvas was bought to close its windows pending their glazing. A massive detached belfry was built during the same period. It stood to the north, on the site of the present Guildhall, and was destroyed in the eighteenth century.

A picture of the scene as the building approached completion may be drawn from the accounts. Outside, the new walls would be limewashed, or in process of being; but here and there were bright splashes of the gold and colour which adorned both the images set in the buttress niches, and the array of figures and carved work in the triple porch. Glaziers, smiths and plumbers were at work, and the lead roof would gleam in the sun like silver.

At the quay, probably southwards of the palace, barges ferrying Reigate stone across the Thames, and small ships, some bearing stone from Caen, others marble from Corfe, were unloading. The two-horse wagons, mentioned in the works accounts, were doubtless used in hauling the materials from the quay to the church. Timber, also, probably came by the river. Lead from Derbyshire, and iron from Gloucestershire no doubt came by road, arriving at the Abbey by way of Tothill Street.

Within the church was great activity. Between fifty and eighty carvers or stone-cutters; forty or fifty marble workers, and twenty to thirty carpenters were employed.

Some of the carvers would be working high up on scaffolds, for mediæval sculpture was usually wrought in place and begun as soon as the fabric was erected. Others would be at their benches carving capitals.

Painters were colouring the sculptures, and covering walls with rectangular patterns, each space containing a conventional rose. Traces of this ornament have survived. Master Peter, the one painter certainly working in the church who is named in the accounts, may have been engaged upon such subjects as the two which still exist on the south wall of the transept. One represents Our Lord and St. Thomas, the other St. Christopher carrying the Child Christ.

Polishers worked upon the marble columns and shafts, and paviors laid the floor. This was mainly of marble slabs; but the presbytery and the confessor's chapel were destined to be paved with mosaics.

Near the church was the mason's lodge where the masters made templates and rough sketches for the guidance of the men. There were several masters; and, in addition to Master Henry, the accounts mention William de Wauz and Aubrey. The latter worked on the entrance to the Chapter House, and may have built the house itself.

No designs were prepared in advance, as they are to-day. The need for them had not arisen. Behind the builders lay centuries of experience and experiment of which their methods and manner of work were the outcome. In front they saw an adventure the result of which is the church we still possess.

Master Henry may have had some authority over the whole job; but this would be in a general way. He is described on one roll as keeper of the works, and on another as master of the works; but there is no certainty as to what those appointments imply. The keepers seem to have been an administrative body through which general orders were issued. The master of works was doubtless responsible for smooth and efficient progress, and perhaps for the adequate supply of materials and labour.

By 1269, the new work had been carried as far as one bay west of the choir gates, and the Lady chapel had been rebuilt or reconstructed to harmonise with the main fabric. So it stood until it was pulled down to make way for the chapel of King Henry VII. As reconstructed, it appears to have been similar in character to the radiating chapels which surround the presbytery, and to have had a wall passage under its windows which was a continuation of that below the windows of those chapels. A fragment of the passage and its arcade has been discovered behind the 16th-century masonry of the south wall of the vestibule to King Henry VII's Chapel.

Returning to the rebuilding of the church, details are few after 1254; but, about this time Master Henry disappears, and is believed to have been succeeded by Master John of Gloucester another of the King's masons. There is no record of any particular work at the church done by Master John; but he is mentioned as a keeper of the works, and, in 1255, he was ordered to see that the great room of the sacristy at Westminster was roofed. A year later marble was bought at Corfe by view and testimony of Masters John and Alexander. The latter was the King's carpenter.

The King's orders about the Lady chapel, mentioned above were not addressed to Master John; but Edward of Westminster and John were required to see that the timbers from the roof were delivered to the canons of St. Martin's le Grand to whom they had been given. Nor was John mentioned when in 1259, Henry III gave instructions for the pulling down of certain old walls to make way for further rebuilding.

Master John died in 1261, and his successor as the King's chief mason was Robert of Beverley. The evidence of his relationship with the works at the church is similar to that of Master John. Both were concerned with a great deal of other work; but there must have been a master mason in daily charge. Possibly he was either Master Aubrey or Master William de Wauz. The King's chief mason, as a keeper of the works, had some authority; but how far it extended is not clear.

The 13th-century bays of the nave appear to have been finished during Henry's reign, and the choir, which occupies all but the westernmost, is likely to have been used on October 13, 1269, when the new work was consecrated. It



THE CHOIR AND NAVE, LOOKING WEST

must have been an occasion of unimaginable splendour, and a brilliant company was present.

The new golden shrine, a triumph of the goldsmith's craft, stood high upon its pedestal, dominating the scene; and, indeed, the interior of the great church presented a wondrous spectacle of artistic achievement. On every hand was beauty. Sculptures, including figures and foliage, all enriched with gold and colour, were scattered high and low. Vaults and their keystones were painted, and many arches of the wall arcades framed vivid and colourful pictures. Before the altar of St. Peter hung a costly frontal of *opus Anglicanum*, being cloth of gold decorated with enamels, embroidery and elaborate goldsmith's work. Above the altar stood a retable, possibly that of which the battered but beautiful remains are still in the possession of the Abbey.

High over the altar was the rood beam, carrying the Crucifix and its attendant figures, all brightly painted, and from it hung the pyx. The mosaic pavement of the sacrarium, laid by Odoricus of Rome, was a glittering wonder, and from the vault a hundred feet above, hung a big silver corona, or candle-holder. At the crossing stood a great candlestick, probably seven-branched, and all over the church were countless



THE IRON GRILLE OVER QUEEN ELEANOR'S TOMB
(1290) North ambulatory

By 1375, the Jerusalem chamber and the abbot's hall seem to have been built, probably by John Palterton, though no record of him exists after 1373-74. Alternatively Robert Kentbury may have completed the work, and perhaps begun the rebuilding of the nave for which, in 1375, the preparatory demolition of the old work was ordered.

Richard II interested himself in the task from 1387, and an account of that year mentions his chief mason, Master Henry Yevele, as receiving a fee of 100s. a year and 15s. for a furred robe. Robert Kentbury and Thomas Paddington also received money for robes, and one of them was probably the master in charge. Yevele appears to have held a position similar to that of John of Gloucester. He was not the Abbey mason but the King's, and had a watching brief in respect of all works in which the King was financially interested. In spite of the fee paid to him,



NORTH SIDE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S CHAPEL
The tomb of Henry III (1272) on the left, Queen Eleanor's beyond

twinkling lights. On either side rose the tall columns of polished marble, which support the upper walls and vaults.

Amid all this moved the grand procession of princes, prelates and nobles, many clad in costly robes of cloth of gold, bordered with orphreys wrought with heraldry; and to this must be added the glitter of jewelled crowns, crosses, mitres and other insignia; the gleam of belts and brooches of gold and silver enriched with precious stones.

The body of the church and the vast triforium above were filled with a picturesque crowd of spectators, and when all were settled there would be heard the sound of men's voices, raised in praise, and accompanied by music, "sweet and small" from the relatively tiny mediæval organs.

The rebuilding of the western bays of the nave was not begun until a century later. Meanwhile, in 1298, a fire damaged many of the Abbey buildings, including the infirmary, dormitory, refectory and cloister. Repairs occupied many years, and work on the cloister began about 1340. The whole of the west and south walks and part of the east walk had been rebuilt by 1365, in which year it is recorded that the cloister was finished. The master masons were Walter le Bole and John Palterton.



CHANTRY OF HENRY V
Bridge over ambulatory and passage to Henry VII's Chapel

I do not think there is any evidence that he was in daily charge of the job. The fee is inadequate. Moreover, had he supplied a design, in some way in accordance with modern practice, the fact would have been indicated.

Yevele died in 1400, and his successor, William of Colchester, received a fee of 100s. for one year only. This was as much as he deserved; for the reign of Henry IV was a period of neglect. In 1413, the state of the nave so shocked Henry V that he allotted 1,000 marks a year to the work. What the King saw would have been two rows of marble columns and the walls not carried beyond the first stage, the whole in no satisfactory condition.

However, some twenty masons were now at work, and William of Colchester received an annual fee of £10. Three years later, "bases, pilers and chapitrels" were bought for the triforium on the south, and, a year after, those for the north side. Large quantities of stone and other material were obtained, and a new masons' lodge was built (see R. B. Rackham in *Procs. of the British Academy*, Vol. IV). There is no space here to trace the rebuilding of the nave in detail, and it must suffice to say that, with the excep-

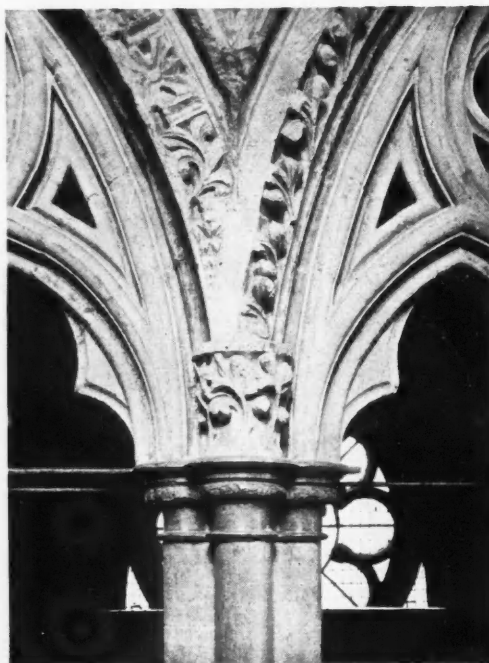


CENSING ANGEL
Arch spandrel below rose window of south transept. c. 1250

tion of the upper stages of the western towers, it was finished about the end of the fifteenth century.

Meanwhile the church had acquired a variety of objects of great beauty. The sculptured shields on the tomb of Eleanor of Castile are models of heraldic carving, and the wrought-iron grille, which protects the gilt bronze effigy, is remarkably fine. It was made by Thomas de Leighton. The effigy, and that of Henry III near by, are the work of William Torel, a London goldsmith, and rank with the noblest works of any period or place. The whole monument was made about 1291. On the side of the sub-base, towards the ambulatory, are traces of a romantic painting by Master Walter, representing a crusade undertaken, on behalf of Queen Eleanor, by Otho de Grandison.

Some of the original mosaic ornament remains on the pedestal of the Confessor's shrine, and on the monument of King Henry III. The fragments of gold and bright colour suggest the pristine magnificence of these works. We may think of the vanished golden shrine, high on its glittering pedestal and the richly furnished altar at its western end; the series of royal tombs, round about, with their gleaming effigies; the gaily painted screen



R. P. Howgrave-Graham
DETAIL OF TRIFORIUM ARCADING
East side of south transept. c. 1250



R. P. Howgrave-Graham
CORBEL HEAD Triforium



HEAD OF ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION
Chapter House entrance. c. 1250

separating the chapel from the sacarium, and, on the east, the front of King Henry V's chantry with its flanking turrets and numerous sculptured figures, rising above his silver-plated effigy. On the north, near the screen, the plain tomb of Edward I would be covered by richly embroidered cloths, and on free-standing pillars on either side of St. Edward's altar were figures of the Confessor and the pilgrim.

In the ambulatory and the chapels opening from it were colourful monuments and sculpture, and on some of the walls were subject paintings. In the sacarium, on the south side, were the sedilia decorated with coloured inlays, and with life-size figure paintings on their back panels. Two remain in good condition, and pairs of others. On the north are the splendid canopied tombs of Edmund Crouchback, Aymer de Valence, and Aveline, Edmund's wife; all three were then a glory of gold and colour.

Further west, above the choir stalls hung splendid tapestries, given by Abbot



ONE OF TWO SURVIVING "WEEPERS"; Tomb of Queen Philippa, d. 1369. This was buried in masonry for 400 years till about 1850

Berkyng in the thirteenth century. They illustrated scenes from the lives of Our Lord and St. Edward, with an explanatory verse under each. Berkyng died in 1246. In the choir also was the contemporary portrait of Richard II. Throughout the church were many altars, furnished, no doubt, with retables and frontals as well as candlesticks and crosses. Such was the abbey church in the days before Henry VIII laid his hands upon its valuables, and the fury of intolerance and subsequent neglect destroyed much of its ancient beauty.

Over a period of nearly nine centuries, the Abbey has played a prominent part in our history. Within its precincts our kings kept their treasure, including the regalia. In the chapter house, and on some occasions in the refectory, Parliament was wont to meet. To-day, it is still the centre of national ceremonial, and, in this memorable year, in which falls the seven hundredth anniversary of its rebuilding as we now see it, the most dangerous period through which it has ever passed lies behind.

Then let us henceforth regard this church, in common with all else of value that remains to us, as a glorious monument to those brave people who have given their strength, and in many cases their lives, in the cause of its protection.

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US—VII

COUNTRY AND COUNTRY TOWNS

AN ESSAY ON DEPARTMENT  By CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS

ITS squareness was, indeed, the characteristic which most struck the eye in this antiquated borough, the borough of Casterbridge. It was compact as a box of dominoes. It had no suburbs—in the ordinary sense. Country and town met at a mathematical line.

"Mosaic work of subdued reds, browns, greys, and crystals, held together by a rectangular frame of deep green . . . an indistinct mass behind a dense stockade of limes and chestnuts, set in the midst of miles of rotund lawn and concave field. The mass became gradually directed by the vision into towers, gables, chimneys and casements. . . ."

These passages from Thomas Hardy's *The Mayor of Casterbridge* have always seemed to me to have completely apprehended and perfectly expressed the essential qualities of the old English country town—its intimate compactness, its organic unity, its warming sense of social integration—if not always of social harmony. Elsewhere he draws for us affectionate portraits of the Market Place, the Council House, the bow-fronted King's Arms, the lesser inns, the Mayor's house, the shops in Corn Street, the little seed store off the churchyard—even of ill-famed Mixen Lane, all with such an eye for significant detail that the whole setting is every bit as memorable as are any of the human characters of the drama. But then Hardy was first trained as an architect. That is why, I suppose, his Casterbridge seems more real to me than any other town created by any other writer not enjoying that immense advantage, more real indeed than many places I have actually but unwillingly perambulated. It is dangerous to forget what it is not pleasant to remember—the dreary, chaotic, diffuse and planless places, the Crewes and Swindons and Croydons and Worthings—and to recall only

the Casterbridges and Barchesters, the Bewdleys, Farnhams, Blandfords and Tenbys—the towns with characters all their own, and gracious ones, where there is beauty and order and true and conscious urbanity.

All these latter have something definite to say, and they say it clearly, sincerely and beautifully, so that their civilised and civilising message is as memorable as a Gettysburg Address or a Gray's *Elegy*.

We too easily forget the monstrous majority of English towns, small as well as large, where there is little grace or desire for grace, where the streets are a disorderly hotch-potch, the centre (if there is one) a riot, and the suburbs an architectural and social desert; for that which we do not remember we do not bother about. The sub-standard, the deflowered town remains a neglected and unloved orphan. Only love (*with* intelligence) can make a gracious town, or keep it so, a vigorous civic pride justly founded on a confident knowledge that all changes made are for the better, aesthetically as well as practically, any undue complacency being kept in check by the acceptance of a high standard based on the very best that has been, is being, or could be done elsewhere, and not merely on local comparisons between bad and not-so-bad.

I have not the reference by me, so cannot verify it, but somewhere or other Chesterton says something pretty much like this:—

Let us suppose that we are confronted by a frightful thing—say Pimlico. It is not enough that a man should disapprove of Pimlico, for then he would merely move to Chelsea—or cut his throat. Nor is it enough that he approve of Pimlico, for then it would remain Pimlico, which would be awful. But suppose a man arose who loved Pimlico for no earthly reason—arbitrarily—as children are

loved by their parents because they are theirs—why then Pimlico would become beautiful with spires and golden domes and be fairer even than Venice, as a woman becomes beautiful when she is loved.

Man did not love Rome because she was great. She became great because men loved her.

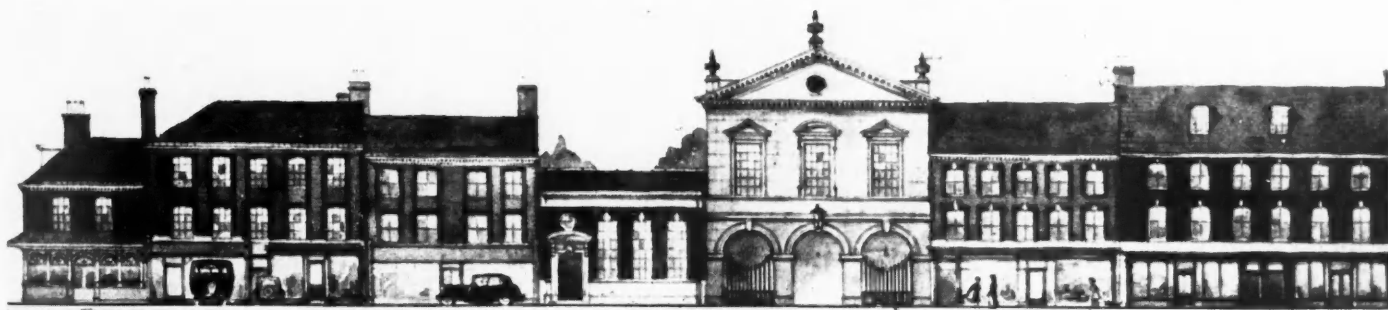
Efficiency Not Enough

THERE is truth in that, even for Hogsorton, which may not rest content merely in being less crudely boorish than Much Burping—but must look further and higher, even to Venice and to Rome. But then I obstinately hold that there is, and must be, an inescapable and abiding two-way reaction between town and townsman, either a vicious circle or a virtuous spiral, the citizen making the city, the city continuing to make its citizens, in each case well or ill. And of course I am not merely thinking in terms of common-sense convenience, of rational lay-out, of mere mechanical efficiency.

We are already awakened to all the brute basis of physical planning, but our "functionalism" is still too primitive—too apt to leave out man, to forget that he is more than an animal and that his setting and his implement for living must be something more than a machine.

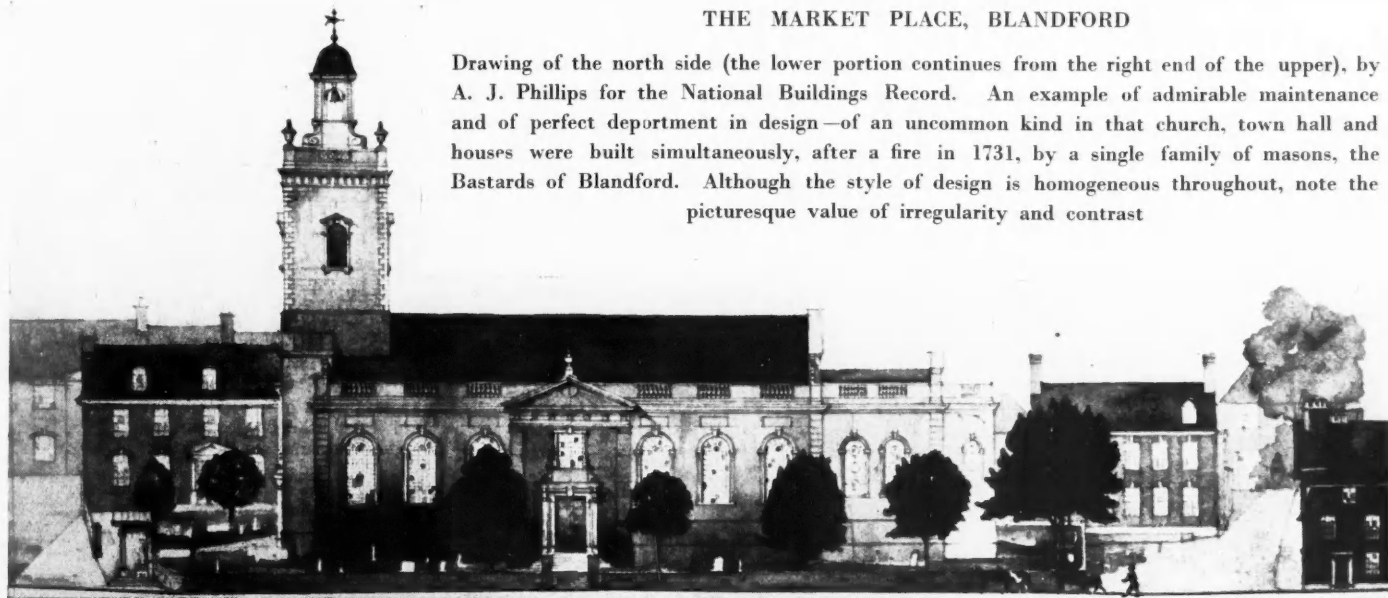
That Major Prophet among Town Planners, Le Corbusier, is an uncompromising modernist, a stark and relentless realist, yet even he, with his almost superstitious belief in the Grid Plan and in rectangles generally, sees that mere mechanistic efficiency is not enough:

The eye perceives, the brain registers, the heart beats. . . . We shall come to consider as more important than the mechanism of the city what we may call the *soul* of the city. The soul of the city is that part of it which is of no value from the practical side



THE MARKET PLACE, BLANDFORD

Drawing of the north side (the lower portion continues from the right end of the upper), by A. J. Phillips for the National Buildings Record. An example of admirable maintenance and of perfect deportment in design—of an uncommon kind in that church, town hall and houses were built simultaneously, after a fire in 1731, by a single family of masons, the Bastards of Blandford. Although the style of design is homogeneous throughout, note the picturesque value of irregularity and contrast



of existence. . . . Why do we make pilgrimages to beautiful cities if not to put gaiety into our minds and senses, if not to recognise by means of this witness in stone that man is capable of grandeur? Oh! Municipal Councillors, who have sown despair in your cities! Alas! how much of it there is!

Another powerful, because also unexpected, witness in defence of "useless beauty" is C. S. Orwin, the economist and land authority, in whose penetrating book *Country Planning* I delightedly read this:—

In the Survey area, a region of stone buildings, it was reported that to face the new agricultural workers' houses in stone would have added some £60 to the cost of each, and this could not have been contemplated. A saving could have been effected, equally, by omitting the baths or the cupboards or the drains, and it may not be too much to expect that the time is approaching when more people will consider that it is just as much a social offence to erect an inharmonious building as one that is unhygienic or ill-equipped.

Let us be sanguine and assume that this view is now in fact generally accepted, and further, that local and regional town and country planning have been duly given the necessary co-ordinating national frame-work, under far-sighted and vigorous central control. There is (we assume) a new, widespread and well-informed desire to do the right and civilised thing, a nascent civic good-will. How are we to canalise this urge to urbanity most effectively, how apply the potential power of an awakened public opinion to intractable physical structures, to massive actualities?

The Borough Architect

FIRST of all, granted this new enlightenment, or, rather, this return to an earlier sanity, "More Power to the Councils"—more scope and authority to the chosen implements of local government, which, however, will need and should receive continuous and co-operative guidance from the looked-for Central Planning Authority; they will need, and must have, too, the services of real architect-planners, a good one shared being, beyond estimation, better than an exclusive poor one. Nothing is more expensively wasteful than a second-rate technical service, and somehow even the smallest municipalities must be persuaded of that truth and somehow assured of adequate officers and consultants, preferably drawn from an approved national pool, with advice from the Central Planning Authority or its delegated body.

For, after all, true economy consists in efficiency, which, in a town, connotes not only right planning for traffic, public services, utilities, industries, trade, health, education, and so on, but also for those less ponderable but no less vital human needs awkwardly called "amenities," which we now begin to apprehend are just as necessary to full and happy living as are the newly discovered vitamins in our diet. The borough engineer may be trusted to



DESIGN FOR REDEVELOPMENT IN AN HISTORIC TOWN

This proposal from the City of Norwich Plan, 1945, combines modern house requirements with the traditional qualities (unity of style and composition, variety of treatment) exemplified at Blandford. Designed by E. Rowland Pierce

keep us alive. It should be the borough architect's job to make us glad we are alive, glad to be citizens of a town that we can love and be proud of. In many ways this officer must be the keeper of the civic conscience, its master of structural forms and ceremonies, the stage designer who sets the appropriate scene for the non-stop drama played by the citizens in their daily lives. A gracious set—an urbane performance of a civilised play; that is the reasonable hope, well fortified by experience.

So your borough architect must be a leader in the cultural life of his town, a man of parts, a foremost citizen, friendly, accessible, full of ideas, yet forceful and of real authority.

There are very few towns to-day in England where this happy ideal has yet been realised, where a municipality has had the nous and the sense of responsibility first to find the right man of real zeal and brilliance and then to invest him with the authority he deserves.

A junior architectural assistant in the engineer's or surveyor's office is too often the only representative of amenity that a town possesses, and you may readily recognise the places thus defrauded. They, with those that have none at all, are the drear and gawky majority of which, surely, we are all now a little bit ashamed and tired.

And I would here reiterate as forcibly as I can that, no matter what other reforms there may be in laws and by-laws or in central or local administration, no matter how powerfully a new public opinion may support a more civilised official outlook, all will be largely in vain and the visible improvement small unless and until there is an imaginative and skilled man on the spot, an architect, to give new ideas acceptable expression and to implement decisions with a bias towards beauty and not otherwise.

Civic Societies

I SAID I wanted more powers to be given to municipalities, and I shall be told that they too often do not use, or else misuse, those they already have, which is unhappily true.

But, besides a higher and better paid grade of technical officers, besides readier help and advice from above and zealous support from below through active civic societies, I also postulate a more alert and better educated type of councillor, at least as intent to see that the rates levied are represented by adequate civic and public amenities as to keep them down.

That type of councillor is already in the ascendant

in the more progressive places and will certainly be heavily reinforced in the first peace-time municipal elections where Civic Societies, many newly-formed, will be running and backing their own active-minded candidates.

In the case of several small towns where my advice has recently been sought as planning consultant, I have made the founding and active co-operation of Civic Societies a condition of my agreement so to act, and, exactly as I had hoped and expected, they have immediately worked up such a head of civic steam as can scarcely fail to make the wheels of the official municipal machine go round.

We have had essay competitions run by the local Press—*What's Wrong with Blank, The Blank I Want*, and so on—that have produced, as they should, not only widespread interest and debate, but quantities of ideas and uninhibited criticisms of the *status quo* which are often most shrewd and useful.

Advised and co-ordinated by the Central Council of Civic Societies in London, these spontaneous bodies of alert good-citizens can do, and are already doing, a great deal both to vitalise and civilise municipal administration up and down the land. In one case, despite its at present seemingly indefensible cost, the securing of a special Act of Parliament is being successfully pressed on the town council by Civic-Society-generated public opinion.

Form of Special Act

THE draft memorandum for this special charter, a revised and extended version of "the Bath Act," runs as follows:—

1.—*Control of Buildings of Architectural and Historic Interest on the lines of the "Bath Clause."* This obviously needs strengthening to enable the Local Authority to prevent the demolition of scheduled buildings, and also to see that they are not unsuitably altered or repainted.

The Town Council should also be authorised to acquire suitable buildings and repair and redecorate them in keeping with their historic character, and then to let them on long-term leases to suitable tenants whether as dwelling-houses, shops or offices, including in the leases strict covenants calculated to ensure that the essential character of the building is preserved.

Power, too, should be given to relax building by-laws in order to allow the renovation of old houses, and to repaint, as a unit, a group of houses in a good terrace if the houses are in individual ownerships and liable to be decorated in an unsuitable and discordant manner.

The Local Authority should have authority to make advances to owners who cannot otherwise afford worthily to repair old houses.

2.—*Power for the Local Authority to build New Houses, Shops, Offices, etc., in keeping with the character of the town, even if as a result the original outlay is higher than might*



The Post Office sets chain stores an example in adapting their premises to the street-scapes in which they stand. Hatfield.

By F. A. Llewellyn

otherwise be possible, with power to let the buildings to suitable tenants.

3.—*Adequate power to control advertisements in the town*, preferably by a system of licensing whereby no advertisements at all can be put up without prior application to the Council.

At present the Local Authority must make out a case before the Justices in order to have an objectionable advertisement removed, and another can then immediately be put up in its place and left there until further proceedings have been brought to a successful conclusion.

4.—*Much stronger powers of control of the use of movable dwellings within the Borough*, providing, as in the case of advertisements, that no movable dwellings are to be stationed on any land without prior consent of the Council.

Chain Stores

It may be recalled that, after the full impact of the blitz had been borne by our cities, the Lord Mayors, Provosts and Mayors of those chiefly involved declared unanimously that unless their municipalities were to own and therefore fully to control all the land within their borders, rational, far-sighted and creditable rebuilding would be found to be impossible. I am not here concerned with such, but even the small town is and will remain pretty helpless and impotent in its efforts either at rehabilitation or preservation until it is really master in its own house. It must have the power to constrain its citizens to play the game to rules agreed as best calculated to promote the place's credit, prosperity and general well-being as a whole—as a complex social and material entity and not merely capriciously to adventure as undisciplined privateers, tearing down or erecting as fancy or immediate personal profit may dictate. The town first cradled and still nourishes "Civilisation," and to do that effectively it must be coherently whole and indivisible, an integrated organism, both socially and in its plan and fabric.

The roving go-getting chain-store should have no sort of right to gash out a breach for its cheaply arrogant erection in our decorous High Streets, contemptuously to run up its flashily reach-me-down façade heedless of the eye-splitting architectural discord that its unmannerly gate-crashing may have caused.

Doubtless they give good service where such service is welcome, which however aggravates the damage, because the impressed and innocent local tradesmen come to associate up-to-date shopkeeping with a half-baked, mass-produced, bastard modernism; a naïve confusion of mind that has already led them into hopefully vulgarising and hopelessly debasing many once agreeable provincial shopping streets.

The chain-store directors will tell you that



National Buildings Record

THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM

An outstanding example of the type of property that a local authority should be enabled under a special Act to preserve as an architectural unity

their standardised façade is of prime importance as their trade-mark and as a standing advertisement, and they may quite well believe it. But I hazard that the true reason for their savage devotion to their feeble offspring is a lazy disinclination to be bothered with local considerations of any sort and the consequent modification in design that the conscientious study of such would call for if the building were to be architecturally designed for its setting, instead of being just banged down out of stock.

The Post Office, and one of the Big Five banks set a very different example of considerate good manners, going to real trouble to adapt their several premises to the street-scapes in which they stand, those of the former, designed by first-rate (and named) architects of the Office of Works, often indeed being among the very best buildings, old or new, to be found in many a market town.

Loans and Little Things

UNFORTUNATELY the provincial tradesman and property owner rarely appreciates the prestige that a fine building (as apart from a merely assertive one) can confer, and distinguished old houses are allowed to be stultified by ignorant and incongruous additions and alterations, or allowed so to decline that the time comes when the local builder, knowing nothing of the quality of the old work that a competent architect could readily restore,

advises demolition and replacement by some slick and irrelevant modernity.

Sometimes the owner of deteriorated property of individual or street-scape merit may be aware of his responsibilities and ready enough to do the right thing and to restore it to its former state, if he had the capital. I would have my municipality empowered to make loans for such public-spirited salvage work, indeed empowered to buy out an owner of any such property unwilling or unable to put his house creditably in order.

But when there is "restoration" by private enterprise, it will still need to be under expert advice and supervision or we shall get yet more examples of the misguided zeal that has stripped the old plaster from timber-framed buildings never intended to be so exposed and unweatherly when denuded, and, even worse, the insulting slapping on of perfunctory and functionless "half-timber" to buildings to which it is utterly—and to an architect obviously—alien. Advice from a voluntary panel of architects is better than none at all—most certainly in the case of new building—but its function is chiefly that of trying to make something better of bad jobs, which is too negative an approach ever to result in anything positively good.

Buildings of "architectural or historic interest" can be to some extent protected under a clause of the new Town and Country Planning Act, but for every one that could be so classified there are scores that, with no high individual

claims of their own, are yet quietly agreeable, members of the family partly and part of the whole ensemble, lacking which support your high-lights would lose half their charm and most of their meaning.

It is these smaller fry that, necessarily ignored by central authority, must be the particular care of people on the spot, official and private, Corporation and Civic Society.

It is they again, jointly, who must see that shop facias have civilised and suitable lettering, that the painting of façades is harmoniously appropriate, that thoughtlessly removed glazing-bars are reinstated in old sash windows, that such outside advertising as is permitted is suitably discreet, that overhead electric wires are decently buried, that the right sort of trees are planted in the right places and, finally, that any vacant space or corner not urgently required for something else shall be decked with grass and flowers.

These are the sort of minor courtesies to a town, the *petits soins*, that can be rendered to it personally, intimately, and in detail only by its own more civilised inhabitants, in extension of and in conformity with the more general larger-scale prescriptions of the town planner.

Those in themselves are not enough. He may rectify the skeleton, may operate drastically, rearrange or remove organs, even amputate or trepan, but unless there is also devoted nursing and after-care supervised by an architect of real sensibility as well as competence, his labours will be largely in vain so far as amenity is concerned.



Municipalities should be empowered to make loans for reconditioning deteriorated property of individual or street-scape merit. A case in point.—From City of Norwich Plan, 1945

The previous articles in this series appeared on May 18 and 25 and June 1, 8, 22 and 29.



1.—THE TOWER AND WEST RANGE FROM THE NEW GARDEN

MORTHAM TOWER, YORKSHIRE

THE HOME OF MRS. RHODES-MOORHOUSE

Built at the end of the fifteenth century, the fortified manor house of the Rokebys was reconditioned in 1939 for Mrs. Rhodes-Moorhouse by David Hodges and Kenneth Peacock

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

JUST below Barnard Castle the Roman road to Carlisle crosses the Greta near its confluence with the Tees. From Greta Bridge the passer-by has a glimpse of Rokeby, the stately little Palladian mansion in which the famous Venus was naturalised to this country. On the other side of Rokeby park were to be found the ruins of Mortham Tower, the old home of the Rokebys, its less dilapidated buildings used as a farm.

Ralph Rokeby, Master of Requests in Elizabeth's reign, wrote a family history for his nephews which he entitled *Oeconomia Rokebeiorum* and which places the old tower

exactly. After Bannockburn the victorious Scots swarming over the Border overran most of the northern counties and, among much other damage, burnt the then home of the Rokebys. After this disaster, in Ralph's words, a new one was "builded upon the Knopp of the hill within two flight shotts of the old house, and within a roveing Shott of the meeting of Tease and Greta where yet unto this day continueth (God be thanked) the house of our whole family and parentage."

It has been thought that nothing survived of this post-Bannockburn house, and that the present tower and defensible court

were built 150-200 years later. When Thomas Whitaker wrote his *History of Richmondshire*—at the time when John Morritt, the friend of Walter Scott, was filling Rokeby with art treasures—he described Mortham Tower as "an embattled house, probably built about the reign of Henry VII; a true Border mansion with all the peculiar features of that era and rank of domestic architecture: a through lobby, kitchens to the left hand, with arched doors out of the lobby and butteries; a hall on the right hand up to the roof, and a handsome tower beyond the hall. At one end is a barnekyn inclosure for the nightly protection of the cattle from depredators, strongly walled about with stone."

Ralph Rokeby's successors did not long retain their ancestral home. William Robinson, a London merchant, was buying up land in the neighbourhood even as Ralph was writing. He bought Brignal, a little further up the Greta, in 1593, Rokeby itself in 1611, and most of Mortham in 1616. There was evidently an older house at Rokeby, for Robinson is stated to have rebuilt and lived in it, so that the Rokeby family, who certainly kept Mortham Tower itself till the Civil Wars, probably went back to live in it when they sold Rokeby house. This supposition is confirmed by a small piece of moulded Jacobean plasterwork having survived in the soffit of a deep window embrasure, implying that some redecoration was done to it early in the seventeenth century. The gable and bay window seen to the left of the tower in Fig. 1 were evidently built about that time. After the Civil War the Rokebys finally disappear and the Tower passes to the Robinsons. It was Thomas, sixth in descent from the London merchant and a contemporary of Lord Burlington, who built the Palladian Rokeby apparently on the site of the early house that had been burnt by the Scots.

Mortham Tower is set round three sides of a court, the fourth, south, side of which is closed by a crenellated wall with a gateway in the middle of it. Thirty years ago, when the photograph in Fig. 5 was taken, this was thickly covered with ivy, and the state of the courtyard before its restoration was begun



2.—THE COURT, WITH THE FORMER GREAT HALL AND, ON THE LEFT, THE S.E. CORNER OF THE TOWER



3.—THE TOWER IN THE N.W. CORNER OF THE COURT. A crenellated wall defends the open fourth side of the court

is seen in Fig. 6. The west side of the court is formed by a range that seems always to have had a single long room on the first floor lit by a mullioned and transomed window at its south end, and with rooms beneath opening direct from the court. The east range has always been for animals' and farm use. In the north-west corner the square tower rises to three storeys, with an elaborately protected roof equipped for defence. A newel stair ascends from the first floor to the top at the north-east corner where the hall abuts on the tower, and at the other three corners bartisans are corbelled out—polygonal at the north-west and south-east angles, circular at the south-west, that at the north-west corner being supported on machicolations, perhaps for a latrine. Loops in their sides and in the curtain walls connecting them enabled marksmen to shoot from the flat roof. But above the curtains, and possibly added slightly later, is an upper stage of wall with crenellations spanned above by a continuous lintel forming the spaces into windows as it were, except for the west side where the main chimney stands free. This upper stage was probably served by a platform above the heads of the men firing from the loops at roof level. But why the lintels? Marked indentations in the lintels suggest that a sloping roof of some kind was intended, perhaps of the sort that is so prominent a feature of Scottish towers.

Although the tower windows are flat-headed, the upper ones with cinquefoil or rudimentary "perpendicular" tracery, and so date from the latter part of the fifteenth century, the general character of the tower and of the disposal of the court is reconcilable to a date before 1350, when Yanwath

Tower, Westmorland, was built on lines generally reproduced here. Confirmation that part of the masonry of the tower is older than its details imply is given by the smaller roughly dressed stones used for the lower part of the tower on the west side for instance

(Fig. 3) compared with the larger squared blocks above it.

The range abutting on to the tower to the east had been used as a barn, probably since the seventeenth century, from which period appear to date its two great arched



4.—THE "DINING HALL." IT FLANKS THE NORTH SIDE OF THE TOWER
The heavily moulded oak ceiling is of about 1500



5.—MORTHAM TOWER FROM THE SOUTH, BEFORE RESTORATION



6.—THE WEST SIDE OF THE COURT BEFORE RESTORATION

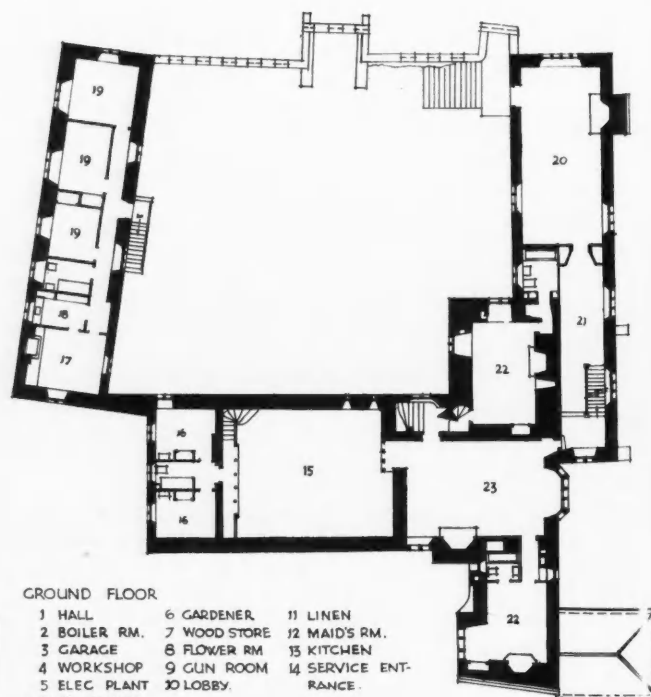
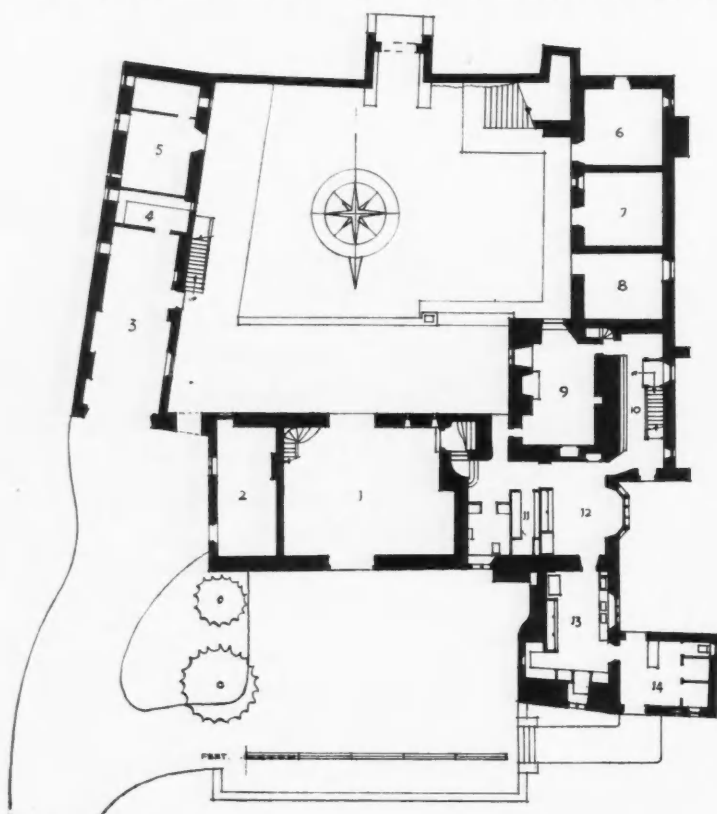
entrances facing one another and the ventilation loops in its walls, as well as the timber roof structure. But it occupies the position of the hall in other mediaeval fortified manor houses, and that was probably its original purpose. The presumption is that, when the Rokebys altered Mortham soon after 1611, custom and their means no longer required a great hall (which may have been dilapidated) and they reconstructed it for farm uses. The rooms adjoining the tower (Fig. 4) will have served the purpose of hall and parlour.

This early transformation has, however, been turned to effective purpose in the recent reconstruction, which uses the building as a kind of covered entry or large garden hall. The approach now is from the south, the courtyard being thus turned into a garden court. The south gate of the barn-hall serves as outer front door, but the house proper is entered at the hall's south-west corner where a door gives into a lobby connecting with the base of the tower. From there a stone stair leads forward and up to a long dining-room which occupies the first floor of the gable adjoining the tower in Fig. 1. This fine room (Fig. 4), furnished as a living-room when the photograph was taken, has a heavily moulded oak ceiling of 16th-century type. At the foot of the stairs a turn to the right communicates with the ground-floor rooms. A large paved hall under that just described has been subdivided into a cloak-room, linen cupboard, and maids' room, beyond which is the modernly equipped kitchen. The ground-floor of the tower, usually a store, is altered to a gun room.

An alternative, garden, entrance has been formed in the south end of the range abutting on the west side of the tower (Fig. 1), and communicates with a new oak staircase. This rises to a gallery on the first floor connecting the dining-room already referred to (Fig. 4) with the long room in the west wing (Fig. 8), intended as the drawing-room, which has windows opening east, south and west. It has access direct to the court by the outside steps seen in Fig. 3. There is no internal communication with the rooms underneath it

(Below Left) GROUND FLOOR PLAN

(Below) FIRST AND UPPER FLOOR PLANS

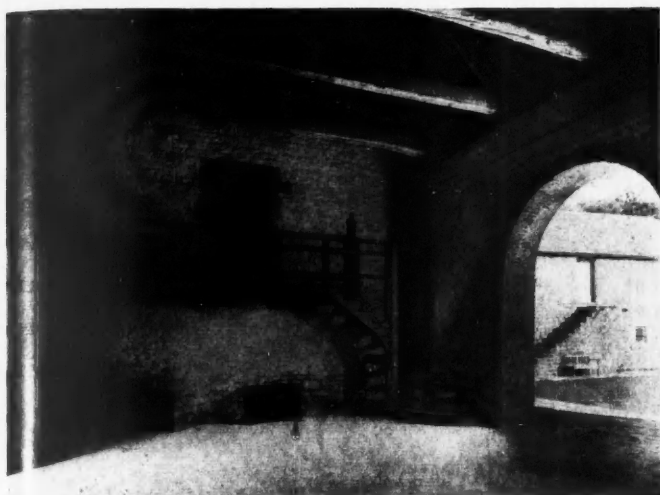


GROUND FLOOR

- | | | |
|--------------|--------------|---------------------|
| 1 HALL | 6 GARDENER | 11 LINEN |
| 2 BOILER RM. | 7 WOOD STORE | 12 MAID'S RM. |
| 3 GARAGE | 8 FLOWER RM. | 13 KITCHEN |
| 4 WORKSHOP | 9 GUN ROOM | 14 SERVICE ENTRANCE |
| 5 ELEC PLANT | 10 LOBBY | |

FIRST FLOOR

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 15 UPPER PART OF HALL | 17 MAIDS LIVING | 20 DRAWING RM |
| 16 GUEST RMS. | 18 KITCHEN | 21 GALLERY |
| | 19 BEDRMS | 22 BEDROOMS |
| | | 23 DINING HALL |



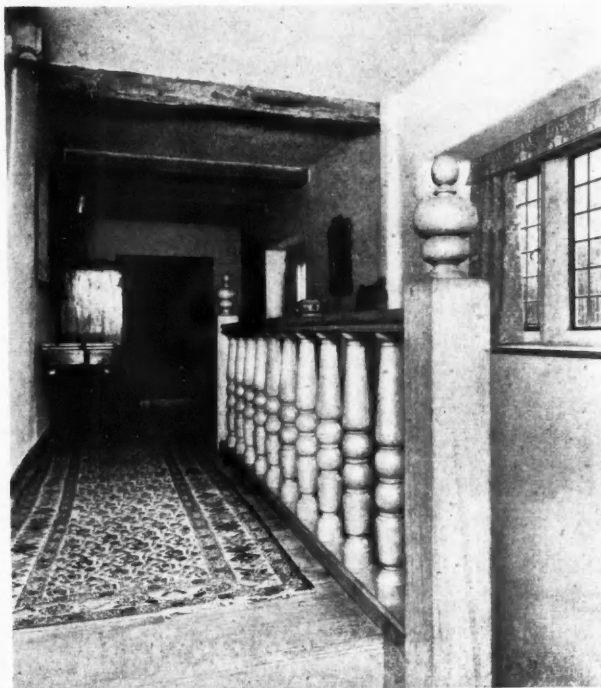
7.—THE FORMER GREAT HALL, CONVERTED TO A BARN, AND NOW THE ENTRY HALL. Looking through to the court on the right. The stairs lead to spare bedrooms



8.—THE LONG DRAWING-ROOM IN THE SOUTH-WEST WING. The steps seen in Fig. 3 lead up to a glazed door to the left of the big south window

entered from the court and used for wood and garden gear.

The first-floor room in the tower has been made the principal guest's bedroom (Fig. 10), entered from the stone staircase. The little door seen beyond the fireplace leads through to a bathroom fitted between the tower and the long drawing-room, alongside the gallery. The timbered ceiling of the bedroom has been inserted during the restorations. Above it Mrs. Rhodes-Moorhouse's bedroom occupies the top of the tower (Fig. 11). The moulded ceiling, developed from the fragment found and already mentioned, is new, and effective in this beautiful room. There are deep-set windows east, south and west. The thickness of the walls is occupied by narrow recesses, 2 to 3 ft. wide and in one case forming an L-shaped space the inner part of which is 5 ft. long. These are probably the original sleeping places of the 14th-century inmates, comparable to the similar sleeping recesses provided in Norman keeps in the thickness of the walls. A bathroom opens off this room to the north through a wardrobe lobby, lit by the window in the gable seen in



9.—THE FIRST-FLOOR GALLERY, AND THE NEW STAIRCASE. The far door opens to the drawing-room

Fig. 1. An additional guest's bed and bathroom opens off the dining-room, above the kitchen—that is, to the left of the gable just referred to. Two more guests' rooms, with a bathroom between them, are detached from the tower group in the east end of the hall range, and reached by ascending the staircase seen in Fig. 7. The space beneath them, entered from outside, is occupied by the heating boiler.

The east wing, unaltered on its face to the courtyard, has been reconstructed as a garage and to take the electric lighting plant and batteries. The staff quarters, with independent kitchen, are on the upper floor of this wing.

David Hodges and Kenneth Peacock, the young architects responsible for the restoration of this fine old building, had here a challenging, but far from easy task. By restricting themselves to making good the structure and adapting it cleverly and sympathetically to modern requirements, they have successfully accomplished an unexceptionable restoration, bringing back to life an historic building without prejudicing its archaeological significance.



10.—FIRST-FLOOR BEDROOM IN THE TOWER



11.—THE TOP TOWER ROOM

THE SILVERSMITH'S CRAFT—II

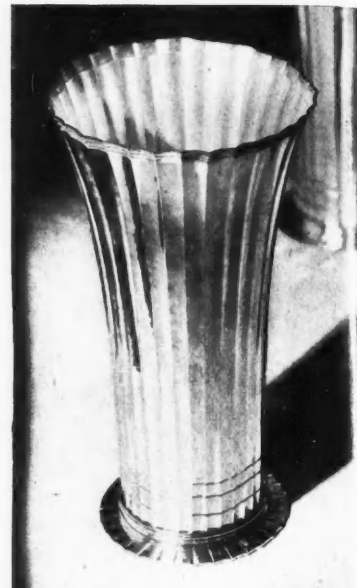
PROCESS AND METHODS

By BERNARD CUZNER



(Left) 1.—FLAGON, ABOUT 1630. The severe outline of the cylindrical body well contrasted with curved and moulded base and cover. Its firm almost rigid outline permits use of the boldly curved handle (see Fig. 7 for making of this)

(Right) 2.—FLOWER VASE, DESIGNED BY THE LATE PROFESSOR R. Y. GLEADOWE AND MADE BY THE LATE H. G. MURPHY FOR THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY. A good example of modern work. In contrast with Fig. 1 it should be noted that one element of form, the concave, predominates



(Below) 3.—ILLUSTRATING MOUNTING AND SOLDERING

WHAT are we to look for in a good piece of silver? There is no easy answer. Sincerity and imaginative quality certainly. Fresh liveliness rather than novelty. Fitness for purpose—a tea-pot must handle easily and pour cleanly. Good workmanship, not at all the same thing as a dazzling mirror brightness. Comparison with the best historic work is the only way to learn what these mean.

Undoubtedly silver work is far better now than in the late nineteenth century. Schools of art since the 1890s have, in spite of many failures and weaknesses, done good work in the larger centres. The same may be said of the individual craftsman, often a teacher in the schools. These efforts had little recognition, and the encouragement given by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths in the past 15 years



has borne good fruit. It is possible once again to see the silversmith as an artist.

In my previous article the silversmith's tools were described and the process, as old as civilisation, of raising a bowl from a disc of sheet silver. A raised and hammered bowl usually needs to be "mounted" with a rim of wire to strengthen it and a ring foot for it to stand upon. Wire is drawn by pulling it through

power. Sometimes brushes are used. Sand and earths of increasing fineness, mixed with oil, are worked into the discs, etc. Rouge gives the final lustre.

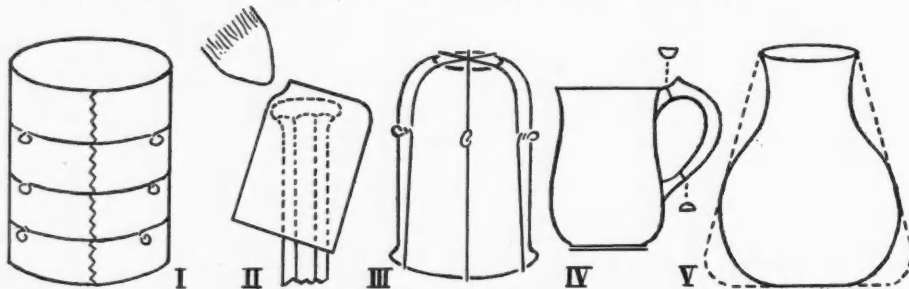
SEAMING.—Tall cylindrical and conical vessels are rarely raised from the disc or blank. A rectangle of silver is bent into a cylinder, the meeting edges being first filed truly, wired as Fig. 4 ii and soldered with the hardest solder. Some workers do not roughen the edges. The soldered cylinder or cone—"collet" in London, "neck" in Birmingham—may be shaped and planished just as a raising. A bottom can be fitted and soldered and the resulting vessel treated exactly as one raised from the disc. Fig. 4 ii shows the bottom being raised in. Fig. 4 iii—the bottom disc wired ready for soldering. Fig. 4 iv—a mug completed. Fig. 4 v—a vase or jug form made from a conical neck.

(Below)

5.—COFFEE POT, ABOUT 1730

An almost rigid form made interesting by perfect proportioning and skilful contrast of domed lid, turned mouldings and knob

and spout (a casting), and wooden handle. St. John's College, Cambridge



4.—ILLUSTRATING THE RAISING AND MAKING OF A MUG FROM A SEAMED CYLINDER OR CONE

(Below)

6.—MODERN COFFEE POT, DESIGNED AND MADE BY THE LATE H. G. MURPHY FOR MERCHANT TAYLORS' COMPANY

A fine example of Murphy's superb workmanship. It is

doubtful if a higher degree of technical skill has ever been reached. Compared with this Fig. 5 would be a very simple job



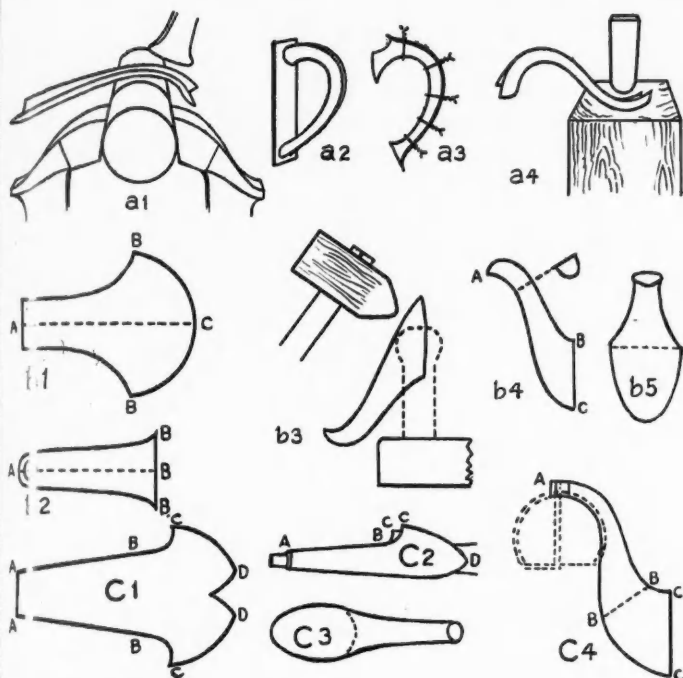
a series of diminishing holes, of the required section, in a hard steel plate. No explanation of this simple process is needed.

SOLDERING AND MOUNTING.—A length of half-round wire three times the length of the diameter of the rim is cut. The ends are filed at right angles, brought together by bending the wire into a rough circle and soldered with the hardest solder, one with a high proportion of silver. The ring is made truly round and stretched to exact size by malleting on a conical stake "mandrel." Then it is wired on the rim of the bowl and soldered with an easier, more fusible, solder.

Fig. 3 A shows how the rim wire and a foot also can be wired so that both may be soldered at one operation; Fig. 3 B shows "panels" or "pallions" of solder placed ready for fusion. Another method of applying solder is by touching the joins, at the right heat, a full red, with a strip of solder held in tongs. In all soldering a "flux" to reduce the oxides that form is used. This is a thin mixture of borax and water. The soldering done, the bowl is pickled clean, any surplus solder is filed away and the job is ready for the next operation.

POLISHING was formerly done by hand, with natural stones and abrasives, still used for parts that cannot be reached by mechanical appliances. Normally the work is held against discs of leather, felt or cotton fabric driven at a high speed by





7.—ILLUSTRATING THE MAKING OF HANDLES AND SPOUTS FROM SHEET METAL

HANDLES AND SPOUTS.—These are often shaped and hammered from sheet silver: a handle is seen in Fig. 1, a spout in Figs. 5 and 6. Fig. 7 A 1 shows the first stage in the making of a handle of D section as that shown in Fig. 4 iv. A tapered strip of silver is bent and hollowed at the same time by beating into a deep groove made in a hardwood cylinder. Fig. 7 A 2 shows the rough-shaping soldered on a strip ready for planishing; were this not done the U-sectioned metal would lose its curve. Fig. 7 A 3 shows the flat side of the D wired for soldering. Fig. 7 A 4 shows how a D-sectioned handle is given an outward turn as in the handle of the 17th-century flagon and tankard (Fig. 10). In Fig. 7 B 1 and B 2 is shown the shape of the blanks for a D-sectioned spout. In B 1 it is hollowed exactly as the mug handle; B 3 shows the lower end being raised inwards, and B 4 and B 5 show side view, section and front view of the completed spout. This is the type used on the "melon" tea-pot illustrated in my previous article. Fig. 7 C 1 shows the blank for a round kettle-type spout, as in Fig. 7 C 2 the circular part being rounded, C 3 the spout from above, C 4 how a spout, previously filled with lead, is given the right curve.

CASTING.—An alternative method of making handles, spouts, etc., is by casting from patterns made in wax, plaster or wood. Such things are usually cast in halves and soldered together, the seam being lengthwise. The technique of pattern-making and casting is the same as that of all cuprous alloys. The spouts of the early 18th-century tea- and coffee-pots were cast, as was the case in Fig. 5

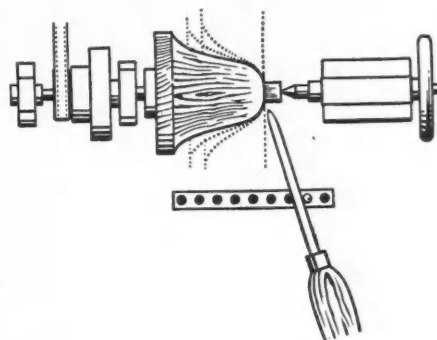
SPINNING, STAMPING AND PRESSING are the principal mechanical processes used in making silverware. Only the last is really modern; the two first have been known for centuries.

Fig. 9 explains "spinning" on the lathe. Briefly this is the forcing, by highly polished steel tools, of a revolving disc of metal on to a hardwood "chuck" previously turned to the desired shape. The process is legitimate and, if used intelligently, capable of quite good results, but it can never reach the beauty, or the strength, of raising and hammering. What is entirely wrong is the practice of hammering a spinning with the intent that it shall pass as a piece of hand craftsmanship.

Stamping is the forcing of sheet metal into a steel "die," by letting fall, from some height, a "force" of a softer metal, shaped to the cavity, attached to the underside of a heavy iron weight.

(Top Right)
8.—FRUIT DISH,
MADE AT
BIRMINGHAM
COLLEGE OF ART
BY C. J. SHINER,
STUDENT UNDER
B. CUZNER, FOR
GOLDSMITHS'
COMPANY

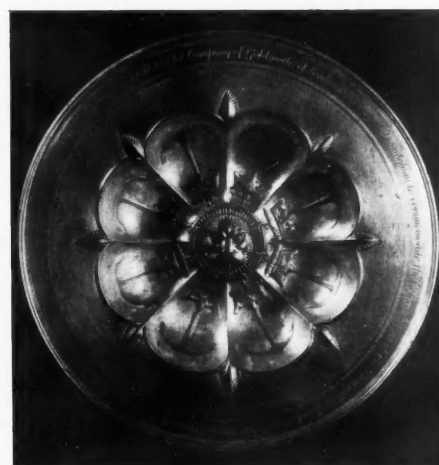
The conical bowl and foot have been made, by slight variations, into interesting forms. Bracken fronds and wild creatures were taken as motives for the knob, an exercise in repoussé



(Right)
9.—ILLUSTRATING SPINNING



10.—TANKARD, 1678. DISH, 1671
The tankard is entirely satisfying in its directness, simplicity and perfect proportion. Note contrast between straight-sided body and curves of lid and handle. Essentially English



11.—ROSE-WATER DISH GIVEN TO CORPORATION OF BIRMINGHAM BY WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GOLDSMITHS. DESIGNED BY THE LATE PROFESSOR R. Y. GLEADOWE
Dignified and well proportioned, with repoussé enrichment ingeniously contrived

Pressing implies a slower action applied to thicker metal. Pressings, a cartridge case for example, can be far deeper than a stamping. Pressing is practised only in the larger works, usually for electro-plated wares made in large quantities. The tools are costly.

Current fashions for plain surfaces have reduced the relative importance of these branches and the numbers of workers employed in them. The four chief ways of adorning silver are:

APPLIED WORK.—This includes mouldings either turned or drawn. Any sections can be worked. Contours are less angular than in other materials. Their effect depends on the play and proportion of brilliant high light and soft shadow. Round wires of carefully chosen sizes can be used with effect. Where richness is called for and ease in cleaning is not essential, corded wires are useful. Ornamental details are often cast and applied.

LINE WORK.—"Engraving," actually cut away with a sharp graver or burin. Usual, and in many ways best, for lettering (see Fig. 11). "Engine turning" is engraving with an elaborately geared machine, hand-operated, which will cut geometrically accurate patterns. It gives a surface that shows little sign of wear. Used mainly on pocket cases. Practised since the eighteenth century. Lines may also (Fig. 8) be chased with hammer and punches—"flat chasing."

RELIEF WORK.—For the last-named process the metal has a backing of pitch. This though hard to a degree is yet plastic and allows of the metal being "embossed" from the back. When reversed the raised bosses may be modelled at will to complete the minute detail, with punches of the most varied shapes and sizes—"repoussé work" (see Fig. 11). When vases, cups, and other hollow wares are chased or worked in repoussé they are first filled with pitch.

COLOUR.—Enamelling is the fusing of coloured vitreous substances in cells or recesses cut in the metal. Apart from heraldic work it is not often used on silverwares. Niello is a black metallic compound used in a similar way. It is not brittle and has a wider range of use for the silversmith than enamel.

As we have seen modern methods of making silverware differ, in many respects, but little from those of pre-industrial days. Pressing is the one innovation, though the use of power has extended the range of spinning and stamping. The nature of the industry does not permit the use of automatic machines to any extent.

The first article on this subject appeared in the issue of June 29.

EDWARD BLACKWELL

By BERNARD DARWIN

EVERYBODY who ever knew him will be sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Edward Blackwell, for he was a man who, though silent and rather shy, was essentially friendly and lovable and incapable of making an enemy. With his death there passes an historic golfing figure whose fame was in one respect unique and outstripped his very considerable achievements. There have been other mighty drivers of a golf ball but none whose name had stood for long driving in the way that Ted Blackwell's did. And to see him hit the ball with that free, rapid swing, when, as somebody said, he "put his very eyebrows into it," was to see a sight of unapproachable magnificence, the bending of every nerve and sinew in a superb human body to one end and that with a natural grace and rhythm. Whatever the game, to see someone hit the ball really hard is a glorious thing, and surely no man ever hit any kind of ball harder than Ted hit a golf ball. His greatest feats of driving had of course been done with the gutty ball of his youthful days, for he was thirty-six years old when the Haskell first appeared; but he retained immense power till he was a very great deal older than that, and when, at any age, he really got all he had into it that ball had to go, taking little account of the passing of the years.

How well I remember reading and re-reading as a boy the chapter *Some Celebrated Golfers* in the original *Badminton* volume, and the sentence about "the brothers Blackwell of St. Andrews, one of whom is probably the longest driver ever seen upon that green, but who is now resident abroad." It seemed a miserably jejune reference to the longest of all drivers but it made me think that here was someone I must some day see. That was in 1890 and seven years later I did see him; I not only saw him but played with him. It was on my first visit to St. Andrews when I had just gone down from Cambridge and he kindly gave me a game. He did not play very well, for I managed to halve with him, to my great elation, but he enlarged my notions of how far a ball could be hit; not only how far but with what "pride and ample pinion" it could sail "through the azure deep of air." One shot in particular impressed my young mind, his tee shot to the seventh, the High Hole Out. Ordinary mortals had to sneak round to the left of the hill, but Mr. Blackwell (I never then dreamed that I could live to call him Ted) went straight ahead into the little valley and indeed, I think, over it. Everybody can take that line to-day, but then it was one for giants only.

I have played with him a good many times since but never tired of the sensual joy of seeing him "lace into" the ball. The astonishing thing about his driving was—I hope this is not an impious remark—that it might have been longer still if he had not been inclined to hit the ball with a slight "fade" to the right. On the days, and they were not in my experience very common, when he drove with a touch of hook instead, he was indeed unapproachable. This was brought home to me some sixteen years ago when he and I played for Woking in the London Foursomes and incidentally reached the final to be well and truly beaten by the two Hartleys. Ted must then have been about sixty-two years old. In one round we met Major Hezlet and Douglas Grant, both strong drivers and goodness knows how many years younger than he was. In that match he drove with just that heaven-sent little bit of hook—I am sure he did not know why—behold, he left them toiling in his wake. It was really a mercy for other people that the knack of hooking was not always with him. He had learnt his golf before the world learnt to swing "from inside out."

Statistics as to long drives are never very satisfactory things since so much depends on the wind and the ground. I see that the books credit him with "the world's amateur record

drive with the gutta ball, 366 yards." That is certainly a long way, but I do not know the conditions under which the drive was made. That which is to me far more impressive, and must be so, I think, to anyone who knows St. Andrews, is the well authenticated fact that he reached the green at the Long Hole Out in two shots, and then turning for home—he was playing a short round—reached the Long Hole In likewise in two. If there was any wind he must have lost on the swings what he had gained on the roundabouts and with a gutty that was an unexampled achievement, whatever the precise distance in yards.

It is natural to say much of his driving because it made his name; it was that which people came out gaping to watch, but the rest of his game must not be forgotten. Almost as soon as he had left Glenalmond he went out to California to farm, near, I believe, the site now occupied by Hollywood. There was no golf there then and so he could not so much as swing a club save at long intervals on his visits home. He may thus be said, in a golfing sense, to have wasted the best years of his youth and no doubt those long absences prevented his adding an accuracy and polish to his game, which it might otherwise have possessed. He was so strong that he hardly knew his own strength and was capable of overshooting the mark by almost ludicrous distances. His long iron play was in his earlier days much better than his pitching, and as long as he stuck to a cleek he was not a very trustworthy putter. As he grew older and played more regularly he lost no doubt a little of his overpowering length but he certainly gained in accuracy and judgment and in particular, as soon as he took to an aluminium club, he became a very good putter with an attractive smoothness of stroke. If only he could have combined the truly terrific hitting of his youth with the more sedate virtues of his middle age he might have been neither to hold nor to bind. He was a very fine golfer indeed, but what might he not have been!

That reflection is inevitable when one remembers the memorable final of the Championship at Sandwich in 1904 between Ted Blackwell and Walter Travis. If he could have putted then as he learnt to putt afterwards—well, well, "ifs" are not satisfactory things and Mr. Travis, as he was playing then and especially as he was putting with incredible deadliness, would have taken a very great deal of beating.

PLAYING FIELDS AS WAR MEMORIALS

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. A. M. WEBSTER

MANY parents are finding new means of keeping the memories of their sons, killed in action, literally "evergreen and fragrant." The minds of our forefathers turned to stained-glass windows and brass tablets in churches, or stone crosses in public places. But our outlook upon life has altered. That, perhaps, is because the men who fought and won the war in Africa, in Italy and in Europe were, themselves, so practically minded, so eager to fight for the things they loved and to make this world a better place in which to sojourn for our brief three score years and ten.

They loved the green fields and the open spaces, those men who have fallen, and, above all, they cared for those old British sports and manly games which have made, and will keep, our nation always great. So the minds of those of us who have survived the holocaust are turning to the commemoration of their names and the fulfilment of their wishes, by the provision of playing fields for the generations which will follow.

We shall need those playing fields for the

The course at St. George's on that day did not suit Ted very well, for the grass at the sides of the fairway amounted almost to a hayfield and no man in the world was strong enough to hit the ball far out of it. Mr. Travis was outdriven metaphorically by miles but kept straight down the course, and if his opponent was just off it, as he often was, he had gained less than nothing. I remember John Low telling with despair in his voice how Ted had said after some particularly huge drive, "I got under the tail of that one, Johnnie!" What did that avail when the ball ended in hay? It is impossible now and again not to indulge in "ifs," but there is no kind of question that Mr. Travis was the right man to win that match.

Eighteen years after that Ted Blackwell showed his perennially youthful quality by reaching the final of the Scottish Amateur Championship at St. Andrews. He was then about fifty-six, full old for championships, and he was only beaten at the nineteenth by that very fine golfer John Wilson of Prestwick at St. Nicholas. He was at his best at St. Andrews, a course with which he would admit no comparisons, and his list of victories there is a noteworthy one, thirteen medals in all besides the Jubilee Vase and the Calcutta Cup. Moreover he had a remarkable record in point of long service in International matches. He played in the first match for Scotland against England at Hoylake in 1902 and played in all the matches but three until 1925. That is a record unlikely to be equalled.

He was the third in age and the last survivor of a great St. Andrews brotherhood—Jim, Walter, Ted and Ernie—and it is pleasant to think that he spent the last years of his life in the place where he had been born and which, I am sure, meant more to him than any other. He was Captain of the Royal and Ancient in 1924-25. Nine years later his younger brother Ernie was elected to that office, and I remember how in his speech at dinner he said that he felt the honour was not only for himself but for Jim and Walter too—a touching little mark of the great affection that the brothers had for one another. The last time I saw Ted was in Edinburgh last June. Walking down George Street I suddenly saw a towering and familiar form coming towards me like a ship in full sail. He then seemed very well but said that he could play golf no longer, a deprivation that he bore with a very placid philosophy. Some month or two ago I heard that he was very ill. He had had a good innings and has left behind him none but the pleasantest of memories and a gap in golfing society that no one else can quite fill.

Powers-that-Be are showing no hurry to relinquish the grounds they have requisitioned for war purposes. The Government, moreover, has empowered local authorities to erect for the next ten years prefabricated houses in the parks and other open spaces which come under local control. There is the question, too, of providing playing fields and recreational facilities for the people of the satellite towns which are springing up near London, and around other great cities, to accommodate people who wish to live near the places at which they are employed. The building of these new towns will make great demands upon the open space available. The houses, themselves, will certainly solve the problem of where and how the workpeople are to live in reasonable comfort close to their work, but where are they and their children to play and enjoy an equally reasonable amount of recreation? The answer is, I feel, that each new satellite town must be planned with adequate provision for a properly laid out, equipped and controlled playing field as an essential feature of the planning.

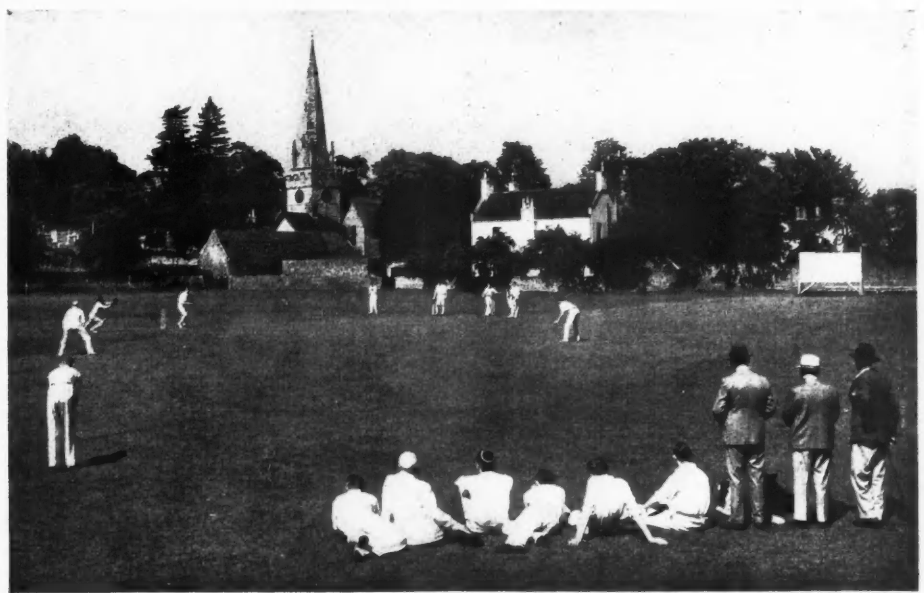
The National Playing Fields Association,

of which the King is Patron and Lord Derby is President, has been doing, and is still doing, a great work in this connection and the work has been going on for more than a quarter of a century. Many playing fields were secured by the Association before the war and are still in constant use. To their number others are being added as War Memorials.

Bishop Moseley has presented 5 acres of land in the village of Hannington, to be dedicated as "Michael's Field" to the memory of his son. Lieutenant-Colonel S. D. Hayward has given 6¼ acres as a War Memorial for the villages of Hemmingford Grey and Hemmingford Abbots, Huntingdonshire. Mr. Theodore Robinson has supplemented his gift of the playing field at West Blackwell, Somerset, by a further gift of 11 acres adjoining and has endowed his gift by a further one of £2,000 3 per cent. War Loan for maintenance, and many other generous gifts have been made.

These are the rich gifts of good men who have seen far into the future. There are other, poorer people who are equally anxious to make their contribution to the happiness of the new world, for the building of which so much that was beyond price has been given. Is it not possible, by a communal effort, for the towns and villages to make playing fields their War Memorials? There could be plaques in the pavilions on which to inscribe the names of the fallen, or a small cross, or other statue, in the grounds. This type of memorial would best have pleased those who have paid the Great Price, because they, too, loved peace and recreation and the games they played at school. They would rest the more content, I think, in the knowledge that their sacrifice has secured for future generations happy places in which to enjoy their leisure.

Much was done in the House of Lords by Lord Caldecote, supported by Lord Aberdare, to secure the amendment of the Education Act in such a manner that the Minister of Education



The Times

VILLAGE CRICKET AT WOMBOURNE, STAFFORDSHIRE

retains his power to make grants in support of general schemes. The advice, too, of Sir Lawrence Chubb, General Secretary to the National Playing Fields Association, has been invaluable to the House of Commons upon the Education Act, 1944 (as it would affect the power of the National Fitness Council to implement State aid to playing fields schemes) and upon the Requisitioned Lands and War Works Bill, and other Government matters affecting playing fields.

Playing fields we must have, and more than playing fields. We must have trained play

leaders, for even the most sport-minded of young people soon lose interest in games and individual physical activities if there is no one in attendance at the playing field to which they go who is capable of arranging their games and of showing them how to improve their individual performances. Apart from that, the teaching of leadership will prove the best means of providing Great Britain with many fine leaders in future generations. Those are the people we shall most need to stabilise that better world, to achieve which so many have died and others are working so hard.

EARLY EDUCATION OF A GUN-DOG

By J. B. DROUGHT

AS in the case of all other young things, the surplus energy of gun-puppies is expended in play; yet at three to four months old it is not desirable that they should lead entirely idle lives. Fortunately their natural instincts direct their play on lines best suited to their peculiar attributes. Leave a retriever or spaniel pup to his own devices, and his idea of perfect bliss will be to carry about any article which will fit into his mouth. Therefore at a tender age one can turn this surplus energy to advantage by making play-time a useful medium for the more serious business of life.

To begin a dog's training, in the strict sense of the word, too early is to defeat one's ultimate object. For one thing no young dog should do more than light work; for another, to attempt to "cram" him is hopeless. A puppy's brain is incapable of assimilating more than one thing at a time; lessons must be progressive and oft-repeated to make the desired impression, and, although some dogs are more precocious than others, broadly speaking, to rush any youngster usually has the effect of making him a jack-of-all-trades and master of none. You may carry your March puppy to a stage at which he may be taken on a slip to have a look at the real thing in October, when he will be at an age to appreciate that what he sees is a natural sequence to his dummy work, and the experience, combined with another 12 months' growth in wisdom and stature, will make him all the better fitted to compete with his fellows.

Obviously you cannot educate every dog by rule of thumb, since temperaments vary widely, and what appears to be the best method with one puppy may fail entirely with another even of the same litter. Unless you study closely the characteristics of your pupil, before attempting to teach him anything, you may as well never embark on the job.

To revert to a puppy's play-time then; elementary education in retrieving, dropping, keeping to heel and coming to call can be tackled within one's own garden, and the aim should be to make each daily lesson progressive, distinct and interesting. Let the puppy work off his exuberance of spirits first, then put on a check-cord and toss a dummy object to a few yards' distance. When he pounces on it, call him, and if he does not come in, pull him gently. If he drops the dummy, as he probably will, walk up to him, put it in his mouth, retreat and call him again. Then take it gently from him and give him a tit-bit, repeating the performance several times.

It will probably take a considerable time before the pup comes to understand that there is anything serious in this new game, and a common fault is to commend him when he has picked up, instead of waiting till he has brought the object to hand. This naturally makes him think he is being applauded for carrying it about, and he probably starts to try to eat it. Therefore care should be taken to ensure that he delivers the dummy right up before any reward is offered. He is sure to be inclined to hold on to it, but to snatch the object from him is one of the surest ways of making a hard mouth. When he shows reluctance to part with his treasure, a sharp tap on the nose will soon make him understand what is required.

With every repetition of this lesson your puppy comes to realise the law of obedience, but he is led to work with his eyes rather than with his nose, and to run in without orders. To counteract a formation of such habits he must, therefore, be instructed in dropping. At first this is best taught by pushing the pup on to the ground and holding him there, with the word "drop," and any attempt to move must

be checked by standing over him and repeating the action and command. Again, it may take several days before the youthful brain grasps the idea, but when the pup performs correctly, do not at first keep him too long in the dropped position. Next day make him drop from a few yards off, gradually increasing the distance until he can be trusted to remain immovable until called up.

Before passing from this important stage in training, you must be certain that your pupil is proof against temptation. Throw his favourite dummy, therefore, and if he remains passive, you can count the lesson well learnt. But if not the experiment must be repeated until complete immobility under much provocation is attained. To vary the interest, a part of the working day can well be devoted to stimulating the development of the puppy's inherent power of smell by hiding choice morsels in long grass or cover and encouraging him to seek them, dropping him each time before sending him on the quest.

His schooling reaches its most interesting stage from a trainer's point of view (and doubtless, could he voice his sentiments, the youngster would agree) when he is ready for his first introduction to birds. As soon as he is thoroughly grounded in dummy work this phase may be, indeed should be, entered upon, and in late Summer, when birds lie well, excellent opportunities for odd lessons during exercise present themselves. Sometimes it is urged that training dogs over game-holding ground, prior to the shooting season, is open to grave objection, owing to the disturbing effect on the birds. Naturally no one who knew his job would allow a brace of wild setter puppies to run amuck. Nor, indeed, would any sensible man suggest working a dog at any time over game ground unless he was entirely satisfied that the animal was reasonably amenable to discipline. But

nothing is more calculated thoroughly to upset a youngster than to introduce him to game for the first time at a regular shoot, with all its concomitant excitement of other dogs and guns.

His debut should be made, therefore, under such conditions as will give him every encouragement, and his handling should tend to make him regard the new experience as the natural sequence of what he has already learnt.

In the first place, then, take your dog out alone, so that you may command his entire attention. At first he will probably incline to range too wide, and the correction of this error forms lesson number one. The extent of range permissible depends, of course, on local topography and the abundance of game. For example, if you are exercising a young setter or pointer over a moor where grouse are scarce, a wider latitude can be allowed than in an enclosed country where game is plentiful.

To generalise, however, the first aim should be to teach the dog close ranging, for you want him to be looking constantly to you for orders. If he gets too far ahead, call him up, start him again to a flank and make sure he quarters his ground. Use the low whistle calls you have taught him for dropping, coming in, etc., with their appropriate hand signals, and avoid using the voice. The dog will soon tumble to the fact

that this is only a continuation of what he has been accustomed to in dummy work.

The first time he winds birds let him entirely alone. In his inexperience he should be allowed to discern for himself whether he is scenting settled birds, or if they have gone away. In the former case, he will probably press them, or he may run in. In either case drop him at once, bring him back to where he first scented and make him stand head-on to the lie of the game, repeating this performance as often as is necessary, and keeping him at the spot in order to make him fully realise the reason for his detention.

This method should inculcate caution, and he will probably stand on his next scent. If so, wait an appreciable time and then go quietly up to him. If the dog moves, halt at once; but if and when you get right up without further advance on his part, stand rigid beside him as long as the birds will lie. This deliberation will effectively impress itself on his mind, and you may then encourage him slightly on. If he drops when the birds rise you may shake hands with yourself, for your task of teaching steadiness on game will have been accomplished. But ten to one he won't, and the lesson must then be repeated till every detail is perfect. Allow him plenty of rest, let him understand, as

progress is maintained, that you are pleased with him, and on no account punish him for any fault which is the result of inexperience rather than wilfulness.

At this stage only one crime is punishable with severity, and that is chasing fur. The youngster must be made to grasp instantly that ground game is as yet outside his province.

There are a few brief maxims which may usefully be borne in mind during these lessons in the field. As in earlier phases of instruction, let each lesson be short and distinctive. Never work a tiring dog, for he loses his keenness and overruns his points. Take him very slowly, and reward each step in the progressive part with words of encouragement. When he faults, always take him back to the actual spot where the error was made; for example, if he runs in, do not reprimand him at the finishing post, but rather at the starting point. Do not, at first, at any rate, allow him to come in contact with any other dogs while he is at work. And, save for breaking fence or chasing fur, do not beat him. While no fault should pass unmarked, a dog knows well enough when he has erred, and he will avoid the repetition of many a crime which is pointed out to him with patient insistence, rather than emphasised with the force of a cutting whip.

CORRESPONDENCE

LIVESTOCK POLICY

SIR,—In Sir Thomas Baxter's comprehensive survey at the annual meeting of the Milk Marketing Board (*The Times*, June 16) references are made to certain aspects of cattle breeding and milk production that call for comment and consideration in the light of urgent application to future policy.

In view of the great shortage of good breeding bulls, and the pressing need for a large increase of good quality cattle, breeders of livestock will hardly agree with Sir Thomas's statement that "no dairy farmer should buy a bull for his herd unless he knows the milk records of the progeny of the bull he is purchasing." If Sir Thomas's reference is meant to apply to proven bulls only, as presumably it is, it does not appear practicable to adopt this advice. Very few bulls with good progeny records are obtainable, and dairy farmers usually purchase a bull at an early age. If a young bull or bull calf is correctly bred from strains that have proved themselves to be regularly good producers and breeders, such purchase need not cause apprehension, especially if made from a well-established herd of a reputable breeder. Breed Societies are only too ready to assist purchasers with impartial advice, of which the fullest use should be made.

Sir Thomas Baxter advocates increased winter milk production by raising "the yields of cows rather than by any large increase in the national dairy herd" and while all dairy farmers recognise the importance of increasing their winter milk production, and undoubtedly much can yet be done to raise the output of low-yielding herds, individual yields should not be unduly forced, as deficiency ailments and breeding troubles may easily result. As chairman of the Council of the South Midland Shorthorn Breeders' Association (elected from experienced breeders from the counties of Bedfordshire, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, and Huntingdonshire, each one of whom has a considerable stake in the industry), I may perhaps be allowed to say that my Council are unanimously agreed that short-period or isolated spectacular yields should be discounted in favour of a high level "lifetime" yield per cow and regular breeding performance.

Future livestock policy should be

subject to this fundamental condition, and as success depends in great measure on adequate facilities (so rightly stressed by Sir Thomas), only a long term agricultural policy for the industry as a whole will warrant the necessary confidence and provide the facilities to raise the National Dairy Herd to the standards we must achieve. The provision of houses, farm buildings, skilled labour, veterinary services, electricity, water, equipment, (protein) feeding-stuffs, etc., as well as improved National Milk Records services (which should offer

form an integral part of our national agricultural policy and enable dairy farmers to reach those standards of efficiency so much desired by themselves and urged by official spokesmen. It takes time to improve our herds: 8-12 years may be required to build up a healthy, high-producing and self-contained dairy herd. Livestock improvement and milk production are closely linked with other aspects of good husbandry. The urgent and grave appeal made recently by Sir George Stapledon (*The Sunday Times*, June 10) for a long-term policy of at

ing of woad in Lincolnshire, as we have in this Museum photographs showing the whole process of the industry as carried on at Parsons Drove, Wisbech, (where Pepys's aunt lived) until 1914.

The woad was pulled by hand, leaving the root in the ground for a second crop. The leaves were then crushed under huge conical rollers, which moved round in a low thatched building, a photograph of which I enclose. The motive power was a horse, working a "round-about" gear.

The resulting pulpy mass was then kneaded by hand into lumps the size of cricket balls, which were then placed on frames in the open air and left to dry for about four weeks. When dry they were broken up again in another shed, where the fragments were sprinkled with water which started fermentation. This continued for about nine weeks.

The fermenting mass was constantly turned by hand to prevent overheating, and water added from time to time.

When all fermentation had ceased the woad was packed tightly into casks and sent to the dyers.

Besides photographs, we have specimens of the plant, one of the curious little trowels used in weeding, and some pieces of woad-dyed cloth.

—E. J. RUDSDALE, Curator and Librarian, Wisbech Museum, Cambridgeshire.

LOUISA'S RACE

From Viscount Ullswater.

SIR,—In continuation of Mr. Adair Dighton's letter about the race at York on August 25, 1805, in which Mrs. Thornton rode Colonel Thornton's Louisa against Mr. Bloomfield's Allegro ridden by the noted jockey F. Buckle, the race being won by the lady by half a length, it may interest your readers to know that the cup, for which the race was run, is in my possession; though the 1,000 guineas and the hogsheads of Coti Roti have disappeared.

Colonel Thornton was an ancestor. The cup is massive, of Georgian design, two-handled and silver-gilt. It stands 11 inches high, has a diameter of 7 inches and has also a cover 6 inches high terminating in a cabbage or cauliflower.

On the cover there are duplicate crests of a lion's head emerging from a crown (I do not know how to



WOAD-MILL, PARSONS DROVE, WISBECH, 1869

See letter: *The Last British Woad Farmer*

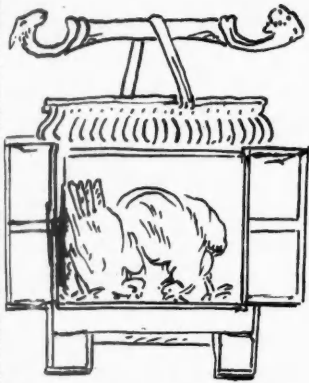
a career with most attractive terms to suitable candidates), are essentials that should eventually, in adequate measure and ahead of demand, be at the disposal of all efficient dairy farmers.

In Sir Thomas's words "prices are at present guaranteed up to 1948" and so far as he knows "no policy of price or form of official control beyond that year has been made." To enable all interests concerned to have the utmost confidence and assurance in the future development of the industry, it is hoped a long-term policy will be evolved in good time, which would

least 20 years applies to and includes measures for the progressive development of our livestock industry. It is earnestly hoped, therefore, that serious attention will be given to these matters and that a well-balanced, long-range policy be forthcoming at an early date.—F. W. BURMANN, *Luckings Farm, Coleshill, near Amer-sham, Buckinghamshire.*

THE LAST BRITISH WOAD FARMER

SIR,—I was interested to read in your number of June 8 about the grow-



THE BIRD-GAGE CARRIED WITH THE ROMAN ARMIES

See letter: Birds with the Army

(describe this heraldically) with the motto "Fiez vous en nous."

On the body of the cup is a similar coat of arms on one side and on the other a representation of the lady defeating the jockey.

Round the rim is an inscription recording the event but giving the date as August, 1804—a mistake, which leads to the assumption that the inscription is of later date than the cup.—ULLSWATER, Campsea Ash, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

THE PEWTER BLEEDING BOWL

SIR.—The pewter bleeding bowl in Mr. Bernard Hughes's second article on old English pewter shows clearly the handle, which in design appears to have been standardised as I have

The window displays a choice variety of pewter-ware, including a pint pot (by James Yates of Birmingham), a spittoon of 1800, a William IV tankard, and a cigar-holder; there are also a fine pewter horn with brass mouthpiece and stamped with the crest of a unicorn, several alms-dishes, and a pewter plate engraved with the words "Sig. Oswaldi de Pittre" and the figure of an abbot.

As the cigar-holder is something of a novelty, your readers might be interested to see my photograph of it. Fitted with a handle, it has three octagonal containers marked 2d., 3d. and 4d. respectively, these being the prices of the cigars placed in the holes provided. These cigar-holders were, I understand, commonly used in bygone north-country inns.—G. B. WOOD, Rawdon, near Leeds.

LINEAGE OF INDIVIDUAL PLANTS

SIR.—Charles Hampden Turner (b. 1772) was presented with the silver medal of the London Horticultural Society in March, 1804, for the introduction into England of *Glycine Sinensis* wistaria, and a second silver medal in March, 1822, for an exhibit proving that the plant would grow and flourish in England.

It was planted at Leigh Place, near Havant, and was certainly still doing well in 1921.

His sister, Mary, married Money Wigram and lived at Moor Place, Much Hadham, Hertfordshire. The black Hamburgh vine in the greenhouse there was a cutting from one at their former home, Wood House, Epping; and it was a cutting from a vine planted in 1758 by Sir Charles Raymond at Valentine House, near

UPAS TREE AT KEW

SIR.—In a recent issue, a photograph taken at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, was published with the statement by Miss E. M. Barraud that it represented a upas tree. Seemingly somebody misinformed Miss Barraud, for the tree is correctly labelled as *Arbutus Menziesii*, and belongs to the same family as the strawberry tree (*A. Unedo*), an old inhabitant of gardens and shrubberies. The latter species does not shed pieces of its bark, but *A. Menziesii*, which is a native of California, and *A. andrachne*, an Oriental species, both possess this

peculiarity, and their stems and branches are frequently almost entirely denuded of bark.



PEWTER CIGAR-HOLDER

See letter: Pewter Display at York

The same phenomenon occurs with the plane trees so much used for street planting. The real Upas tree (*Antiaris toxicaria*) has its home in the Tropics of Asia, including Java, Malaya and Ceylon. It was the subject of some fearsome tales relating to its supposed toxic properties, and stories were published of animals, birds and even human beings dropping down dead if they approached one of the poison-spreading trees. A specimen of it grew for some years in a hot-house at Kew, where hundreds of visitors passed within a yard of it daily without sustaining harm. The juice of the tree is poisonous, but the sensational statements were fables.—G. ST. L. MOWBRAY, Richmond, Surrey

needed, but once a good edge is made the steel balls will keep it in trim without loss of metal. A trace of lubricant may help.—H. E. DURHAM, Cambridge.

HENS AND MICE

SIR.—This week, while my wife and I were persuading our dozen cross-bred hens to retire for the night, we noticed one hen with a long object dangling from her beak.

As she approached the house, we saw that she was carrying a three-quarters grown field mouse of the blonde variety, which she had obviously killed.

She put the mouse on the ground, gave it several punches rather than pecks, and then, to our astonishment, picked it up and swallowed it whole, head first.

She then rushed off to the water bucket and drank deeply, swallowed at least an egg-cupful of grit from near by, and entered the house evidently well pleased with herself.

The mouse must have been at least $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches over all and had a diameter of about seven-eighths of an inch.

I have been used to hens all my



THE PEWTERER'S SHOP

See letter: Pewter Display at York

in my collection a specimen which is identical; the illustration in Masse's *Pewter Plate* is also similar.

He writes: "The Ear or handle is more or less traditional in pattern being from one of Townend and Compton's old moulds."—FRANCIS EDWARDS, Brighillands, Reigate, Surrey.

PEWTER DISPLAY AT YORK

SIR.—Mr. Hughes's article on Pewter (*COUNTRY LIFE*, June 8) prompts me to send two photographs taken at York Castle Museum, where an attempt has been made to reproduce (among other bygone trading establishments) a pewterer's shop. Occupying a prominent position in the Old English Street—which is the format of the museum—this shop bears the name of Samuel Harvie in remembrance of a one-time York pewterer, while the bow-window is part of a genuine old shop-front from Bath.

Ilford. The great vine at Hampton Court was also a cutting from this parent. See Gilpin's *Forest Fernery*.—A. WOOLMORE WIGRAM, West Hill, Broadwindsor, Beaminstor, Dorset.

BIRDS WITH THE ARMY

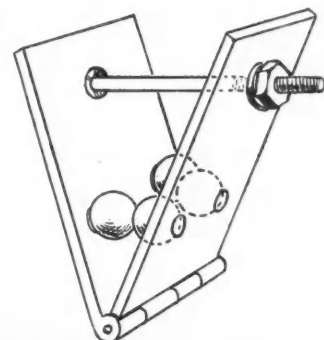
SIR.—In the interesting experiences of Lieutenant-Colonel A. M. Barne described recently in *COUNTRY LIFE*, I find a charming addition to bird life and the Army.

I enclose a sketch of the cage used by the Romans to convey the fowls which accompanied their troops. The movements of the birds, while feeding, were watched by the Augers, and were interpreted as indicating success or defeat (Seyffert's *Classical Dictionary of Antiquities*).—E. NEVILLE JACKSON, Mayfield, Sussex.

STAINLESS STEEL

SIR.—The stainless steel used for cutlery is in a somewhat ductile state, hence more amenable to a burnishing than a grinding treatment for maintaining cutting quality. When using do not cut straight down on to the china plate, but do so obliquely; this helps to maintain sharpness at the end especially if done both right- and left-handedly. For sharpening, a successful method is by the use of hardened steel balls such as are used in bicycle bearings. Looking round for a method of mounting them, I found that I had a couple of 2-in. by 2-in. flap hinges, each with two bevelled screw-holes near the hinge and one towards the edge. After application without success to a very high-class mathematician as to what diameter of balls would give a normal cutting angle, the problem was worked out by trial and error for various diameters and tangents at contact. It then appeared that somewhere between $\frac{1}{4}$ in. and $\frac{3}{8}$ in. would suit.

Luckily, I had balls of these sizes. The smaller ones just went nicely in the existing countersunk holes; the larger needed slightly more countersinking to hold them safely. By means of small diameter bolts and



A HOME-MADE SHARPENER

See letter: Stainless Steel

life, but I never imagined that they were capable of feats of this kind.

Perhaps you could tell me if mouse-eating is a common practice among hens.

I would add that there could have been few ill effects, for we picked up 13 eggs next day. Unfortunately we do not trap nest so I cannot quote a mouse diet as a means of doubling the egg production.—C. J. LAMBERT, *Beggars Bush, Best Beech, Wadhurst, Sussex.*

[We have seen domestic hens at threshing time, when mice are running from the rick, chase, capture and eat

I wondered if the man standing at the head of the table might have been Lord Tennyson but I have no information. It would be most interesting to hear if any reader can identify any of the members.—ROSE HIND, *Woodville, Trentham Road, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.*

A CHEQUERED SIX YEARS

SIR,—Now that (presumably) all ordinary war-time secrets are secrets no longer, it may be interesting to record some of the odd uses to which certain buildings have been put, before their services are forgotten.

The Town Hall at Portmeirion (where it has arrived well ahead of the town to make sure of the best pitch) was still building when war broke out. Part was already in use as a shop, though the great 17th-century hall (removed from Emral when that fine old house was tragically demolished) was still unfloored. Nonetheless it was, for a short time, stuffed with evacuees. Followed an odd squad of soldiers. Then, after some further work and a little adaptation it became for a year or so the North Wales Military Sub-area Headquarters—suitably guarded and defended.

Then it was lent to the officers of the Allied Commandos for a farewell ball on their departure from the neighbourhood, on condition that they provided manpower to plane and polish the original old oak floor that had by then been laid. The arrangement worked well, the polish was superb, but possibly it was thirsty work, for after

the fatigue party had gone, it was found that a case of Pol Roger (magnums) had gone too; at any rate it has not yet been found. Since then it has been used for a picture exhibition by Portmeirion painters in aid of the Red Cross; for a succession

of chamber music concerts; and now, for the time being and until it is really needed again as assembly rooms, it provides studios for three painters, one of whom (bombed out) lives there and is in charge.

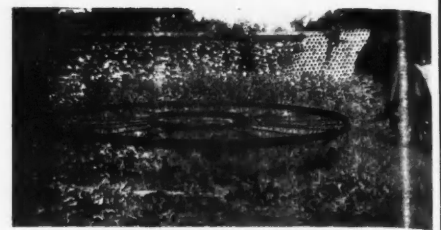
Even now the building is not yet fully finished off, but it is greatly hoped that some at least of the craftsmen whose work was interrupted by the war can soon be collected again to give the final touches; particularly the young plasterer, who was mending the infant *Hercules* when called away—now a sergeant-major R.E. in Burma.—CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS, *Merioneth, North Wales.*

SUFFOLK STACK-BASE

SIR,—The campaign for scrap-iron has robbed us of a good many interesting things, as perhaps it has cleaned up the countryside of some of its scars. I was therefore somewhat surprised when I came across this strange affair, of which I send you a photograph, left in the stackyard of a farm at Halesworth, Suffolk. It is an iron base for a stack, in use until a few years ago: presumably the product of a local foundry. The inverted caps, which can just be seen at the tops of the legs, are so placed as to foil the attempts of rats and mice to climb into the stored grain. They ring like bells, and the lady who took me round this extremely interesting farm told me that, as children, she with her brothers and sisters spent much time in knocking music out of them.—ALLAN JOBSON, *Beauchamp Cottage, 21, Crown Dale, S.E.19.*

THE LANCAUT FONT

SIR,—This lead font of which I send a photograph is one of five examples in Gloucestershire, all made from the same mould.



A WHEEL-SHAPED IRON STACK-BASE DESIGNED TO FOIL RATS AND MICE

See letter: Suffolk Stack-Base

Tub shaped, it has ten panels; inset in these are figures of Our Lord dressed in rich robes and seated on a throne, alternating between serpent-like scrolls.

There has been much discussion as to its period. Some claim it is of pre-Conquest date because of the Anglo-Saxon scroll work, but possibly



ONE OF THE FIVE LEAD FONTS IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE MADE FROM THE SAME MOULD

See letter: The Lancut Font

this is a copy by later craftsmen, and it may not be earlier than the closing years of the twelfth century.

Although it was originally at Lancut, in the Wye Valley, this font has been at several churches in the county and is now resting in the Lady Chapel of Gloucestershire Cathedral.—A. C. CORNISH, 18, *Surbiton Court, St. Andrew's Square, Surbiton, Surrey.*



THE TOWN HALL OF PORTMEIRION

See letter: A Chequered Six Years

mouse after mouse, but we do not think it is a common habit.—ED.]

THE SMOKE JACK

SIR,—There is a smoke jack similar to that described by Mr. Hippiusley (*COUNTRY LIFE*, June 1) in the kitchen of Merchant Taylors Hall, London.

Much of the kitchen building was standing when the Company acquired the site in 1345 and probably dates back to the middle of the twelfth century.

The smoke jack was installed in the nineteenth century and was used in the preparation of the Company's banquets up to the outbreak of the war in 1939. It was recently tested and found to be in order.—W. M. L. ESCOMBE, 4 *Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.3.*

A VICTORIAN PUBLICATION

SIR,—Following up the letter *A Victorian Publication* by Mr. G. C. Mead in your April 6 issue, I thought this photograph depicting some of the members of the Circle Club at one of the gatherings might be of interest. I think it may have been taken at about 1870 but have no definite information as to date. I have treasured the photograph because my great-uncle George Somerton Miller, the sculptor, is seated at the top of the table on the left of the member standing talking. I also identify him in the *Circle* on the cover of the *Holiday Papers of the Circle Club* as printed in your April 6 issue.

Another reason for treasuring this old photograph is the charm of the grouping which also of course associates itself with such a gathering of the "Arts."

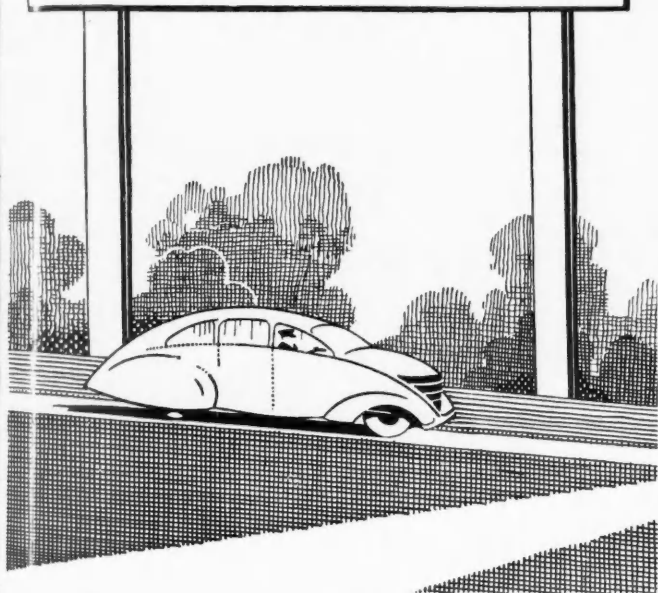


THE CIRCLE CLUB: A GATHERING OF VICTORIAN LITERARY LIGHTS

See letter: A Victorian Publication

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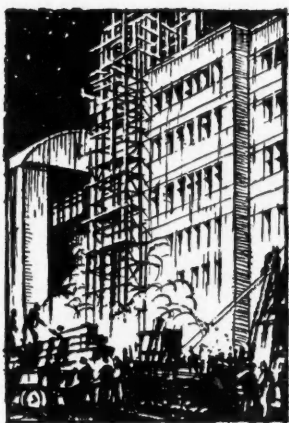
An early 18th-century Pole Screen in walnut with petit point needlework, crimson ground, panel of flowers and foliage, size 2 feet 6 inches by 1 foot 9 inches.

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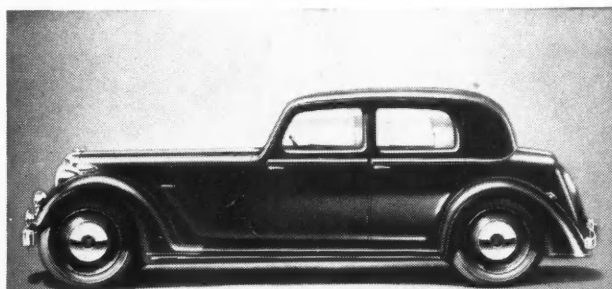
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FARMING NOTES

THIS YEAR'S HAY PROBLEMS

HAY-MAKING has been a tricky business. The June sun was fickle, and those who had started grass-cutting before the end of May had to wait until the third week in June before they could pick up the hay in good order. I am writing of my district; other parts of the country may have been more fortunate, but I gather that nowhere was there a straight run. On my own farm, we did not start cutting until June 9, when the weather looked on the mend, but we could not touch the swathes until a week later, when the hay was turned, and then on the following Monday and Tuesday we had two blazing hot days that allowed us to bale in the field. I used a stationary baler, and with four men and a boy on the job we managed to bale at the rate of 10 tons a day. I thought this was good going, and what pleased me particularly was that we have now got the hay ready for use where we want it for the Winter.

Early Hay

HAY can, of course, be baled at a slightly less mature stage than it can be ricked. The bales are usually left in the field for a day, set on their ends, and in this time they dry out a little and can safely be put together in a rick. This baling of hay in the field does save labour in cutting out hay from the rick during the Winter. At home, one man does nothing worthwhile during the Winter except cut hay and feed the cattle morning and evening. Now that my hay is already baled he can be doing another job which is all to the good.

Some of my neighbours were ahead of me in cutting and in getting their hay into rick, but, as one of them said to me after church on Sunday, some of the earliest ricks settled down like a steamed pudding that won't rise. It is a misfortune that we have not had a better hay-making season. Few of us have more than a rick or two carried over from last year, and we did need to save all this year's hay in good order.

Mangold Prospects

THERE is a good plant of mangolds in most places, so far as I have been able to see. My own quickly got smothered in weeds, which grew as fast as the mangolds when the ground was too wet and sticky to put in the horse-hoe. We tackled them by hand, and now they are singled and growing away strongly. I have put in more mangolds this year, and the same acreage of swedes and kale as last year. I find that we never have too many mangolds; if there are some left over in April and May they come in very useful for the ewes when they have got their lambs. My kale is only just through. I have found from the experience of a good many years that it pays best to get the ground really clean, and then broadcast kale about June 15. The crop does not grow so big and coarse as drilled kale that is singled, but I think the feeding value is all the better for that.

Pulling Flax

THE rain that suited the roots battered down some of my barley, and made my flax look like a stormy sea. I do not relish the prospect of having to pull twenty acres of flax by hand, which we did one year, but, if we get a turn of quiet dry weather, the crop should stand up again, and be fit to pull by machine. The flax factories have now developed useful machines which will deal with 6-10 acres a day, according to the crop. My biggest venture in flax-

growing was two years ago, when we grew 54 acres. Three machines cleared the ground, pulling and binding the crop in 3½ days. We had some extra help to keep pace with the stooking, and there was very little left to pull by hand.

The Way to More Eggs

THE Summer flood of English wheat on to the market, some of it not of milling quality, has proved a boon to poultry-keepers. Merchants were getting more than they could handle for disposal to the Ministry of Food. The Ministry has been buying unmillable wheat that was considered fit to store. This will be used to provide the additional rations for pigs and poultry that have been promised by the Government. Unmillable wheat that was not fit to store has gone out straight away to poultry-keepers at the rate of 3 cwt. for every 1 cwt. cereal coupon offered by them. I have had 9 cwt. of this stuff, and it is useful feeding for hens. We had, in fact, exhausted our own tail wheat, and also our oats, so this low-grade unmillable wheat has been helpful in keeping up egg production. There is something in wheat and maize which suits the laying hen. If all poultry-keepers could count on getting some wheat and maize through the Winter, town consumers would enjoy a decent ration of fresh eggs.

Less Food in U.S.A.

I SEE that food production in America is falling. Quoting an official statement, "The over-all per capita food supply for U.S. civilians in 1945 will be from 5.7 per cent. below last year's consumption. Production of food crops and livestock will be about 32 per cent. above pre-war average, but about 5 per cent. below that of 1944." The shortages exist in meat, fats, oils and sugar. These are just the products which every country is short of to-day, but the Americans will have more eggs, fluid milk, vegetables, fruit and fish, as well as more grain. Pork is described as "the critical meat." Pork output in 1945 is expected to be about 20 per cent. less than that of last year. Stocks of sugar are the lowest since records were kept and the American civilian will get 20 per cent. less sugar than last year. Even so, the consumption will be at the rate of 71 lb. per annum, which does not seem too meagre. America relies largely on cane sugar from Cuba, and she has her own beet-sugar industry. Some sugar used to come into the States from the Philippines, but there will not be anything from that source for another two years at least. As our rations in Britain are being cut, it is comforting to know that our American allies are also reducing their consumption in order to send supplies to countries like Holland, who are worse off than we are.

Swedish Houses for Scotland

A SCOTTISH friend tells me that 500 timber houses from Sweden are to be erected in the farming districts, starting in September. The pre-fabricated sections are being made in Sweden to Scottish standards. On the ground floor they have a living-room, a kitchen, one bedroom and a bathroom, and on the upper floor are two bedrooms. There is also an outbuilding with a wash-house and room for storing fuel. The wood houses seen everywhere in Sweden are strong in construction and most conveniently designed. They are reckoned to stand for about 60 years. I hope we shall get some of them in England as well as in Scotland. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

HISTORY OF A SURREY HOUSE

SIR DEREK CRAVEN, Br., has entrusted to Mr. Amery Underwood (Messrs. Hampton and Sons) the work of disposing of Crowherst Place, the well-known 15th-century house in nearly 70 acres, three miles from Lingfield, Surrey, and six from Oxted. Part of the house dates from about 1400. It was enlarged in 1423, and added to in 1912 and 1915. Though modernisation took place in 1938. The first owners of whom authentic records remain were the Gaynesfords, or Gainsfords, family. After tenure by them for about three centuries, Crowherst Place was sold in 1724 to Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, who made the property part of the endowment of a home at St. Albans for widows of Army officers. Eventually the Commissioners of Queen Anne's Bounty disposed of the property to a descendant of the early owners, the Gaynesfords. By him it was leased to Mr. George Crawley, an architect, who began to restore the house, and he continued that work, on behalf of the Duchess of Marlborough to whom he had granted a lease of the property.

Sir Martin Conway (in illustrated articles in COUNTRY LIFE of July 5, 12 and 19, 1919) sums up the matter describing "the kind of work that has been done at Crowherst, whereby the battened remains of what was a comfortable and dignified, if rather small, medieval house have, by the enterprise of the Duchess of Marlborough, and the skill and invention of her architect, Mr. Crawley, been recovered from the disgrace of mishandling and neglect and re-endowed with a beauty probably far greater than was ever theirs in the day of its newness." The Great Hall, still substantially as it was built, reveals how in its early days the smoke from a central fire found egress through openings in the roof. No fireplace was fitted until at least a hundred years after the house was put up. The Great Parlour and some of the other rooms are panelled in oak, and new and old make a harmonious combination. The ancient moat adds to the beauty of the grounds. The varied features of the gardens include an open-air theatre formed by yew trees, a tithe-barn, swimming-pool and walled kitchen garden.

THE VALUE OF FISHING RIGHTS

WHO is to estimate the value of fishing rights or, come to that, any other coveted possession? The question is of the widest application—to any and every type of property, corporeal and incorporeal, that may happen to be in the market. Whether a price is excessive seems to be determined rather by the depth of the pocket of the purchaser than by expressions of amazement on the part of onlookers with restricted resources. In the case of sales under the hammer, except such as are without reserve, a reserve price is fixed, and, though it is not declared, it can be pretty accurately judged by practised agents, such as generally act for the buyers at important auctions. Accuracy of judgment in the matter is particularly useful where the higher range of bids betrays a weakening tone on the part of rival bidders.

A FEW TYPICAL FIGURES

RECENTLY, when 25 or 30 persons wished to acquire the matchless fishing in the Test, they or their agents bid vigorously until at last only two or three remained in the running, and the hammer fell at rather over £8,000 a mile, for a mile and a half mostly

from both banks. The successful bidder was a man eminent in the business of contracting for the execution of great public works and private buildings. Within the last ten years as much as £5,100 has been paid for 900 yards of fishing in the Test, and salmon beats in the Severn have made high prices. At least one fishing club receives very high subscriptions from a strictly limited membership, and certain waters held by syndicates produce a revenue that likewise attests all that angling means to so many men. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley sold the £12,250 worth of Test rights, and for Litchfield Manor 1,570 acres, offered by the same vendors, the late Mr. Carey Druce's executors, they got just over £30,000.

A mile and a quarter of trout fishing in the Lambourn, a tributary of the Kennet, contributed substantially to the price paid for Bagin Manor, near Newbury, another property sold a few days ago by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. This estate of 372 acres has a noteworthy staircase in the 16th-century house. A pedigree Guernsey (T.T. Attested) herd is kept in the farm of 310 acres.

THE DUCHESS THEATRE SOLD

EXECUTORS have privately sold the Duchess Theatre, Catherine Street, Aldwych, W.C. It was built in 1928, on a site that is leasehold for 99 years from that year at an annual ground rent of £1,500. The architect, Mr. Ewen S. Barr, provided accommodation for 494 persons, and it is arranged in two levels, with an uninterrupted view of the entire stage from every seat. The maximum takings at a single performance are just over £178 after deducting entertainment tax. Messrs. Jackson Stobs and Staff have sold the theatre to clients of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

SIGNIFICANT LONDON SALES

THE postponement of such auctions as that of the late Lord Justice Luxmoore's Bilsington Priory estate, in East Kent, may be attributed to the Election, and not much of special interest has been happening in country sale rooms in the last week or so. Some transactions of magnitude may be mentioned as having been completed in London. Proximity to Westminster Cathedral helps to explain the strong bidding for property in Ashley Place, Victoria Street. For the Governors of Westminster Hospital, a freehold ground rent of £140 a year was sold under the hammer for £25,000. The value lies not in the yearly income but in the fact that six years hence the buyers will come into possession of the freehold which has an area of 9,000 square feet under the shadow of Bentley's famous Cathedral.

The Junior Constitutional Club formerly occupied Nos. 101-104, Piccadilly, the lease of which, from the Sutton estate, has just changed hands. The frontage of approximately 120 feet to Piccadilly is of a building that contains an acre and a half of floor space. The site was once the major part of the sculptor's yard where John Van Nost, and his successor in 1739, Sir Henry Cheere, did some notable work in lead and stone, including memorials in Westminster Abbey. Another who worked in the same yard was the famous Roubiliac, whom Horace Walpole's brother, Edward, introduced to Cheere.

The modern freehold in Dover Street, known as Premier House, has been sold with early possession, for £85,000.

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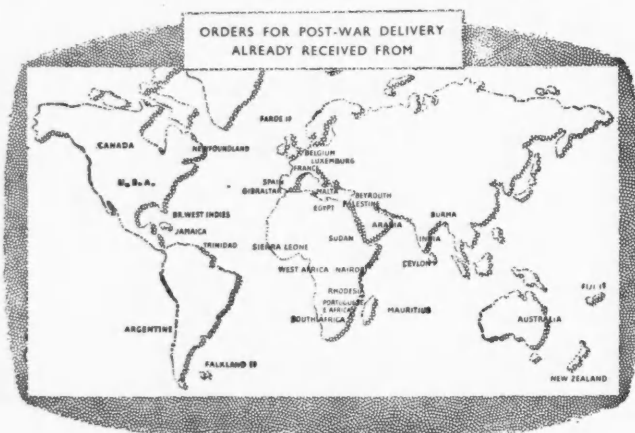
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NEW BOOKS

THE GLORY OF GLIDING

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. TERENCE HORSLEY, who has written a book called *Soaring Flight* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 16s.), is one of those rare authors who can take you within the intimacy of their own spirits. The theme of the book is gliding, and Mr. Horsley seems to know all that is to be known about this pursuit, in which art and science are so nicely blended. And included within this is the knowledge not only of how gliders are made, how they "work," but also of how they affect the spirit of man. My own feeling, after reading his book, is that I should love to be a glider just as much as I should hate to be an aviator, though there is small probability of my being either.

But spiritually I can get inside Mr. Horsley's book because I do sail a small ship, and the glider to the aeroplane is what the sailing-ship is to the power-driven vessel. The one exists and moves by getting to know and fitting itself in with the movements of natural forces; the other is a defiance of natural forces, a movement, if necessary, against the winds and tides, whether of the sea or the air. Of course, the sailor knows the knack of sailing against the wind, but, paradoxically, he can do this only if, while doing it, he uses the wind as his ally.

DEFEATING THE ELEMENTS

Gliding, I gather from this profoundly interesting book, the first I have ever read on the subject, is like that. Just as a sailing man who wanted to go west to America might find it possible to do so only by first going deeply south, so the glider can only have his way in the long run by giving in, in a series of short runs, to the caprice of the elements. Doing this, he may achieve some impressive flights. Gliders, Mr. Horsley says, have covered as much as 400 miles in one trip.

I was deeply interested in his lucid account of how flight in a glider is achieved. Leaving out the launching, which may be by one of several means, and assuming the glider to be in the air, it appears to be something like this. The great white towers of cloud which we see in the sky are evidence of "restless air" beneath. This air rises in a column from the earth to the cloud, becoming more and more "restless" the nearer it is to the cloud. The essential nature of this restlessness is ascent. Once a glider gets on to this column of rising air, he is, as it were, launched upon a heavenly escalator that takes him up and up, almost literally sucking him from earth to sky. But he does not go straight up the escalator. Using his instruments, he spirals up it; and when he gets near the cloud he is in a most disturbed place, the heart of a cauldron, a vortex of high wind.

The aim of gliding, of course, is

to progress horizontally, and so to cover distance: and this climb up to the cloud is the first stage. The glider may now be 4,000 or 5,000 feet above the earth, and he must come out of his cloud. His instruments permit him to wrench himself free.

Having described this wrenching free, Mr. Horsley speaks of himself as being suddenly in luxurious air, without a ripple. He is soaring on the edge of the "mighty cliff," invisible but so turbulent, off which he has pulled himself. And, of course, without that rising air to hold him up, he is slowly dropping to earth.

But ahead of him he sees another great cloud, and knows that this, too, is perched on top of another heavenly escalator. His aim now is to glide into this new current, as high up as possible. This is one of the things

chiefly held in mind when building gliders: to make them so that, when they have to fall, though nothing can fall horizontally, they must make as nearly a horizontal fall as gravity permits. That is to say, they must approach the air-stairway under the next cloud flying as nearly flat as may be. Obviously the flatter the flight the higher will be the entrance-point into the next column, and the higher up the less the time needed for climbing to the top and wrestling out towards yet another cloud's air-base. Thus, as the yachtsman goes forward by tacking from side to side unless he has a following wind, so the glider goes forward by going first steeply up and then less steeply down. He may achieve so little height in his climb that the downward glide reaches the earth before the next up-flowing air-force is encountered, and that ends the glide.

GLIDING OR FLYING

It is not many writers who are able to explain so lucidly and poetically what they are doing as Mr. Horsley explains all this. He makes us realise the enormous difference there is in what may be called spiritual feeling between gliding and aeroplane flying; and the physical basis of this is in the absence of an engine, with its stink and roar. The glider enjoys the beauty of silence, unbroken save by the singing of the air. "As it passed around the hull and over the wings," it trilled in a clear flutelike note. The yachtsman who has passed into the doldrums and started up the auxiliary motor will know just what this means.

There are some beautiful pictures of gliders in the book, and it has all the facts of gliding as well as all the feeling. I should say that from the greatest expert to people as ignorant as I am, no one could read the book without a lively feeling of pleasure and satisfaction.

I had some part—it must be ten years or so ago—in making known to the public Miss L. F. Loveday

SOARING FLIGHT

By Terence Horsley
(Eyre and Spottiswoode, 16s.)

THE HORSE

OF THE SUN
By L. F. Loveday Prior
(Murray, 9s. 6d.)

THE WEEPING WOOD

By Vicki Baum
(Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.)

Prior's first novel *A Law Unto Themselves*. I have not read all that she has written since, but nothing that I have read gave me the feeling of satisfaction that came from the first book. Now, however, Miss Prior has once again written a splendid novel. It is called *The Horse of the Sun* (Murray, 9s. 6d.) and in the shapeliness of its story, in the variety and strength of its characters, in the interest of its background, and in the beauty of its writing, it seems to me a distinguished piece of work.

DISTINGUISHED WORK

It is a novel of India, and it has two faces: the story of Raemall, Prince Surthawara, ruler of a Rajput state, and the more generalised story of the political relations between Great Britain and India in recent years. It is a tribute to Miss Prior's skill as a novelist that these two threads are hardly seen as separate. Each is worked skilfully into the book's pattern; each has its effect on the other. Raemall has the makings of an enlightened statesman as well as the inheritance, and much of the aptitude, of a despot; and it is the strife of these two factors, which becomes focused in his relations with his beautiful young wife, Tara Devi, that makes the motive-power of the book.

I am rarely happy with books written about India by English people; but I am quite happy with this one. I have no first-hand knowledge of India, and I have to rely on the author to induce the feeling of authenticity that wins assent. Miss Prior does this perfectly so far as I am concerned. The picture of Raemall himself, handsome, insolent, ambitious and madly extravagant, thinking of his people and their well-being with one half of his mind, yet destroying their livelihood by his fantasy and caprice; and of his half-brother, a man of mystical moods, loving his splendid brother yet troubled by foreboding as to where his wildness will carry him; Tara Devi, so lovely but so full of duty and good feeling; the counsellors of the court and the young Master of the Horse: all these are portrayed with great feeling for the diversity of human living.

On the personal and private side the core of the book is Tara Devi's failure to produce an heir. Raemall adopts his own high-handed way of meeting this situation: a way so affronting to his wife's delicacy that she commits suicide.

ON THE PYRE

The Horse of the Sun is a beautiful colt that the Prince has bred at great price; and in one of his rages after the death of his wife, whose love has been his richest experience, he commands that the living horse be consumed on a pyre, even as Tara Devi's dead body had been, so that it and she, his two most lovely treasures, shall be for ever one. The repercussions of the affair were profound, leading to riots in which the British Resident was killed; and the British Raj banishes Raemall from his kingdom.

That is the bare bones of a story rich in colour and movement and human passion. It is a tragic book, and the tragedy lies in the splendour of Raemall's equipment: his brilliant position in the world, his physical prowess and loveliness, his intellectual promise: all foundering in a sea of egotism, a worship of self, an inability to realise how much can be retained by renunciation.

Miss Vicki Baum's new novel is

called *The Weeping Wood*, which is the name by which Indians knew the rubber tree (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). The author has conceived the idea of telling, in the shape of a novel, the mainly tragic story of rubber, from the time when the Indians of Para first used it for a few crude purposes up to the time when it became one of the most sought-after means of waging this present war.

A NOVEL OF RUBBER

I say "in the shape of a novel," and that is not saying much. For what is the shape of a novel? George Moore used to say: "A novel should be shaped like a vase," and all he could mean by that was that he tried to shape his novels like vases. There is no more reason why a novel should be shaped like a vase than why it should be shaped like a cabbage; but it should have some shape. This present novel has none; so that if anyone asked me to describe it I could only say "It is the story of rubber." Now a novel should not be the story of rubber or oil or anything else: it should be the story of men and women. Miss Prior's book is not the story of Indian politics: it is the story of men and women whose physical and spiritual conditions are to some extent conditioned by Indian politics. But it is the men and women who matter.

Miss Baum's book is too amorphous and loose-willed to focus attention on men and women. They come and go in generation after generation, but it is always the rubber trade that is at the heart of the interest. A smelly disagreeable trade it has been, too, with sinister aspects here well brought out; but the author has not made a fine novel of it, though there is no reason why someone should not do so.

GARDENERS' DREAMS

THERE are probably few pursuits that lend themselves more easily and profitably to the enjoyment of day-dreaming than gardening does. Every one of us knows that the planting of a dry brown bulb or a pinch of black poppy seed is carried out by the gardener to the accompaniment of the scent of hyacinths with the bees over them in Spring or the vision of frail silken poppy petals fluttering red, rose and white in a Summer breeze. Gardeners may be, must be, fundamentally practical people but they are creators and the creator must always dream his masterpiece before he sees it. Mr. T. C. Mansfield knows this and proves that he knows it in making his new book *Of Cabbages and Kings* (Collins, 12s. 6d.) the most pleasant combination of the dream and the practical. It is a book in which every amateur gardener will find both inspiration and instruction. There are chapters on seeds, on soils (a very useful one this), on planting, on shrubs and vegetables, all extremely helpful to the gardener, and there are discursive chapters such as that on gardens and gardening equally helpful to the dreamer, and very human and entertaining too. Of course the whole of gardening even in one country cannot be covered in any one book, but here is richness for almost any garden-lover's palate, and as for the illustrations by Mr. John Hinde from colour photographs—without disrespect to the author—many readers will feel that they have their money's worth in them alone. Almost all of them are excellent and some, such as those of the green orchid, of *Primula Beesiana* and *Meconopsis Baileyi*, are sheer delight. The red cabbage makes quite a beautiful subject, but the flowering cherry is somehow a shade too puce. S.



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Interesting neckline from Hartnell in midnight blue suede crepe, where folds and a roll collar are set in a yoke outlined by studding in blue and silver

PHOTOGRAPH: ANTHONY BUCKLEY

THE MID-SEASON COLLECTIONS

COIFFURES are smooth and sleek, the story-book curls have disappeared and heads are neat and elegant to balance the lines of the new clothes. Sometimes the hair is swept up, sometimes worn down; either way it needs to be moderately long to roll properly. The upswept coiffure is the smartest with the hats that are built to rest on top, or to sit well down on to the head, when they hide almost all the hair. Toques and bonnets rest on top Edwardian fashion. Cloches, mushroom straws and the hats with a deep brim sharply upturned have a crown that is sufficiently large to hide the hair. The many hats worn on the back of the head, the large-brimmed halos, the berets with immense curving sweeps to their brims, are worn flat against the back of the head and fit best over a smooth crown, with the hair emerging below as a sleek roll. Turbans are swathed elaborately and fit closely on the head and hide the hair.

To counteract this hair-obliviation movement, there is the hatless school, where the hair is so high and so looped or braided as to be a headdress in itself, meant to be displayed. With a sleek town suit, these elaborate hair styles can be very chic. The hair is brushed till it shines and held up with combs. Sometimes it is brushed under in front in a fan-shaped roll on the forehead and a white gardenia or a black velvet bow placed on top. With a severe black tailor-made, this style, and a spic and span white shirt, looks gay. When the hair is worn down and rolled under, it is fastened over to one side of the forehead with a parting and a bow of ribbon or a slide. The long straggling manes and the top-knots are unfashionable and the neat contours of the head and the hair in keeping with the slick tailor-mades with their nipped-in waists and the bunched dirndl frocks. In Paris, the fantastic Marie Antoinette creations have largely dis-

appeared and the coiffures have less height. They are still elaborate, but a more sober note than last Summer's prevails in keeping with the distinctly plainer styles shown in the mid-season collections. There, as well as here, both the up and the down hair styles are equally important. Provided the hair is cut to the right shape, one can wear the hair up or down according to the mood and the dress.

The revolution that is taking place in the millinery world is definite and marked. The hats are constructed in a different way; they are made on a foundation shape and pinned on top of the hair or fitted on closely against the back of the head. The back hair is covered by the hat right down to the nape of the neck; instead of an elastic holding it on at the back, there is a pin or bandeau to fix it on in front. None of the hats is outrageously large; they are moderate in size. Many require the hair swept away from the face and drawn up on to the crown. With some of the bonnets the hair is dressed in front to fill in the brim. The Edwardian toques in stiffened tulle are worn straight, perched on top of the hair; so are the highish swathed bonnets. Berets with a wide elliptical brim jutting out one side have ribbon bows and streamers down the nape of the neck and a headband. The edge of the brim is sometimes serrated or scalloped or has a thick upturned edge. They are what used to be known as "profile" hats.

FOR Summer frocks simple fine white mushroom straws are very becoming; so are wide-brimmed chip straws in carnation pink or emerald green. Scotts show a wide halo straw worn right at the back of the head so that the brim looks like a plate. They make it in white and cherry and it is a charming hat for a young girl. For



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an older woman to wear with a town Summer suit they show a fine white straw with an oval brim and a crown that looks like a pie dish. This crown is quite high and finished with a diagonally striped navy and white ribbon. The edge to the brim has a transparent navy lace insertion softening the outline.

Some charming neck treatments appear in the mid-season collections of Summer clothes in London. The necklines are cut out and cut away and the choker effect is disappearing. Flowered dresses with collars and revers cross over to a deep V, have a deep fitted waistband and skirts gathered and gored in front. White blouses with Peter Pan collars and full sleeves are worn with gay flowered crêpe dirndl skirts attached to a shaped corselette belt. Vests of a second colour or white piqué are slipped into the cardigan jackets of linen suits to look like blouses. White linen suits are worn with



1. Blue enamel snake bracelet studded with diamonds and hinged
2. Gold metal bracelet threaded with coral leather for tweeds. Lederer
3. Lady Georgina Coleridge's round black snakeskin bracelet has a gold watch set in shutters that close
4. Bracelets are high fashion and Mrs. John Churchill's watch is set on a gold chain hung with charms with an extra heavy one opposite the watch to keep it in position on the wrist

striped cotton shirts, navy and white or candy pink and white and a mushroom hat of striped cotton to match or a halo hat in straw. Some very smart black town outfits in crêpe are being worn in London on hot days, either jumper suits or frocks gauged to the front, otherwise dead plain, sometimes worn with a dickey front in white organdie, lace or georgette, generally with one of Mr. Thaarup's Edwardian toques, black and so laden with spotted or coloured tulle that the hat itself can hardly be seen.

The wooden-soled, two-coupon sandals are being largely worn with the dirndl type of frock on hot days. For the tailored linen frock there are the "Idler" shoes of the London Shoe Company made on the Norwegian pattern; some wedged Brevitts with monk tops and a few Joyce shoes with elastic gussets in brightly coloured grained calf.

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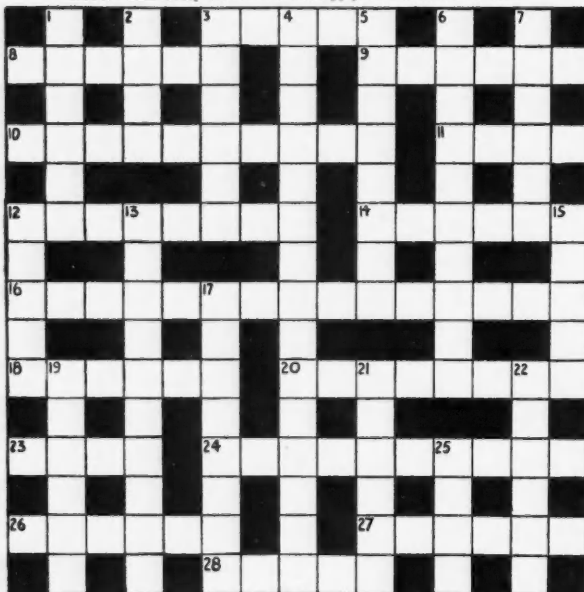
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CROSSWORD No. 806

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 806, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, July 12, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
Mr., Mrs., etc.

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 805. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of June 29, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—8, Spoonful of tonic; 9, Unit; 10, Sac; 12, Over; 14, Rush hours; 15, Dora; 16, Sari; 17, Arrow; 20, Instantaneously; 21, Dined; 22, Leaf; 23, Aria; 24, A big beast; 26, Deal; 28, Sad; 29, Rubs; 33, Wind on the common. DOWN.—1, Open; 2, Portrait of a lady; 3, Off; 4, Allah; 5, Eff; 6, Colosseum at Rome; 7, Hive; 9, Undrilled; 10, Shirlings; 11, Coroneted; 13, Rainy days; 17, And; 18, Ran; 19, Wed; 25, Bathe; 27, Elim; 30, Boot; 31, Ink; 32, Act.

ACROSS.

1. Plumage of many a rising young man (5)
8. Author of *The Professor's Love-Story* (6)
9. But I do! (anagr.) (6)
10. It's simply not permitted (10)
11. He didn't care where the water went if it didn't get into the wine (4)
12. G. K.'s man was (8)
14. "May God bless all our ———"
Better suits with our degree."
—E. B. Browning (6)
16. The refrain of Tennyson's brook (3, 1, 2, 2, 3, 4)
18. The gardener wouldn't ask to be let row with it (6)
20. Encore for the vocalist in a U.S.A. State prison? (4, 4)
23. Sport and disport (4)
24. He journeyed with Mr. Standfast to the Celestial City (10)
26. Aid ten or stop (6)
27. Pill (6)
28. I could make a genius of it (5)

DOWN.

1. Showy (6)
2. A mixture with air (4)
3. We led about fifty (6)
4. Parts of Scandinavia (6, 3, 6)
5. Browning's difficult poem (8)
6. Kind of strides one might expect a statue to take (5, 5)
7. Something to quaff in the wake of a fishy propeller! (6)
12. He was helped by the angel Raphael (5)
13. He keeps to the lines as a rule (10)
15. Shoot (5)
17. Courteous (8)
19. Of Ladysmith, Lucknow or Mafeking (6)
21. Even in the absence of spills, as suggested, the waiter will probably grumble (2, 4)
22. Tended (6)
25. She's always in the cellar, poor girl (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 804 is

Mrs. C. M. Robinson,

3, Dale Gardens,

Woodford Green, Essex.